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November 1943

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TROUPING WITH THE TROOPS

AMERICAN MOVIE STARS KAY FRANCIS, MITZI MAYFAIR, MARTHA RAYE, AND CAROL LANDIS RISKED THEIR LIVES TO TAKE A SHOW TO THE BOYS OVERSEAS

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THE NEXT DAY AT THE BOMBER SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND...
IT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO GET A LAUGH OUT OF THEM NOW. TWO OF THEIR PLANES DIDN'T COME BACK.
I HOPE WE CAN CHEER THEM UP.
TELEGRAM FOR MISS RAYE!

MY SISTER— SHE DIED.
OH, MARTHA. WE'LL STOP THE SHOW.

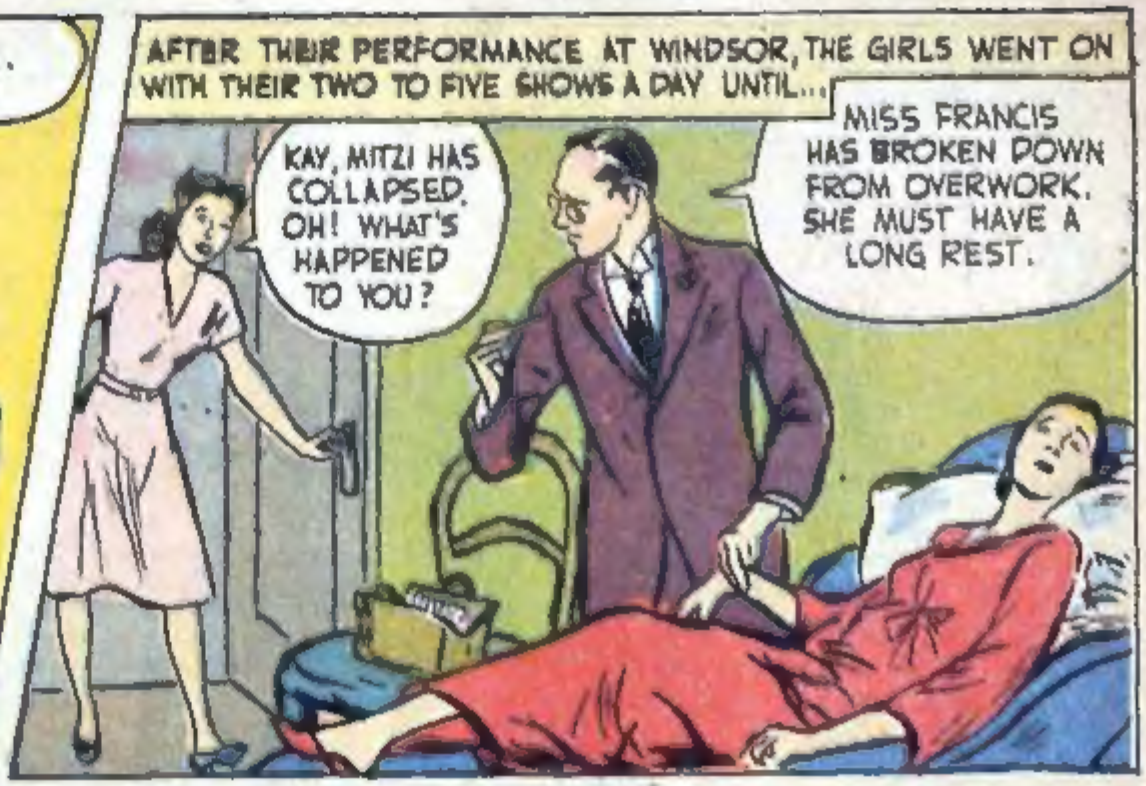
I CAN GO OUT AND GIVE SOME EXCUSE.
NO, DON'T. I CAN GO ON. THE BOYS DO DON'T THEY?

THE GIRLS WERE A GREAT SUCCESS AT THE CAMPS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES THEN ONE DAY..
WHERE TO NOW, BOSS?
I CAN'T TELL YOU.
SO, WE'RE A MILITARY SECRET!

NOW I CAN TELL YOU. YOU'RE TO GIVE A COMMAND PERFORMANCE. FOR HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

I'M SCARED. WHICH FOOT DO YOU CURTSY WITH?
I'M TALFORD, SERGEANT OF HIS MAJESTY'S GUARD. MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MISS FRANCIS?

I'M PRINCESS ELIZABETH, MISS MAYFAIR. WOULD YOU PLEASE TEACH ME HOW TO JITTERBUG!


AFTER THEIR PERFORMANCE AT WINDSOR, THE GIRLS WENT ON WITH THEIR TWO TO FIVE SHOWS A DAY UNTIL...
KAY, MITZI HAS COLLAPSED. OH! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
MISS FRANCIS HAS BROKEN DOWN FROM OVERWORK. SHE MUST HAVE A LONG REST.

WITHIN A FEW DAYS...
I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU TWO. THE SHOW LEAVES FOR AFRICA TONIGHT.
WE HATE TO LEAVE WITHOUT YOU.
DON'T WORRY, YOU WON'T.
I'LL SAY YOU WON'T!

YOU'RE MUCH TOO SICK TO LEAVE YOUR BED FOR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS.
WE HAVE A JOB TO DO AND THAT JOB IS IN AFRICA.

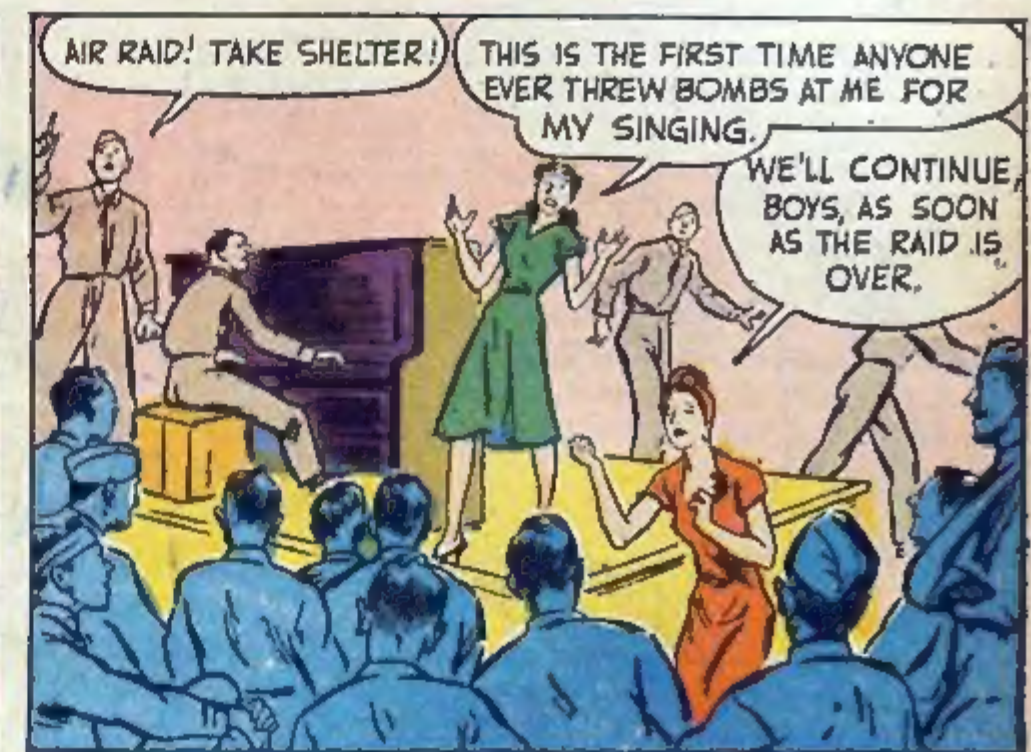
ON THEIR WAY TO AFRICA...
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US. WANT TO WAKE KAY?
NO, THEY HAVEN'T HIT US YET.

HURRY, MARTHA, BEFORE ANYONE RECOGNIZES US. I'M TIRED.
TOO LATE. HERE COME THE ARMED FORCES.
WELL, THAT'S OUR CUE FOR A SHOW.

HEARING MARTHA RAYE SING, WE MIGHT ALMOST BE BACK IN THE UNITED STATES.
ALMOST, EXCEPT FOR THAT GUNFIRE ACCOMPANIMENT.

A FEW DAYS LATER...
IS THIS YOUR FIRST TRIP OUT TO THE FIGHTING LINES?
NO, WE'VE BEEN FLYING AROUND TO VARIOUS FRONTS.
LOOK! WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED ACTRESS IN AFRICA WEARS!

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO USE THIS TRUCK FOR A STAGE
THAT'S FINE. ANYTHING SO THE BOYS CAN SEE THE SHOW.
LOOK WHAT'S HERE!


AIR RAID! TAKE SHELTER!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME ANYONE EVER THREW BOMBS AT ME FOR MY SINGING.
WE'LL CONTINUE, BOYS, AS SOON AS THE RAID IS OVER.

WHAT ARE THEY AFTER, YOUR HEADQUARTERS HERE?
WE TOOK THIS POSITION FROM THE NAZIS THREE DAYS AGO AND THIS IS THEIR FIFTH TRY TODAY TO GET IT BACK.
ALL CLEAR! LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW!

AND SO DURING THREE MONTHS THEY TRAVELED 37,500 MILES AND PERFORMED FOR THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH TROOPS.
THE TRIP WAS THE GREATEST EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE. WE WERE VERY PROUD OF OUR COUNTRYMEN WORKING AND FIGHTING ABROAD.

Trial by Five

A sextette is as strong as its weakest link, the members figured. That's why they wanted to know whether Angela could take it

By ZILLAH K. MACDONALD
Author of "Haunthouse" and "Two on a Tow"

PAT-SY! Oh, Pat-sy!"

In answer to the call a slight, dark-haired girl dashed out of the house to meet Lynn and Bee, members of the Superfine Sextette.

"Look, Patsy," Lynn said, "we've decided to let you invite the new girl, Angela Duncan, to try for the vacant place in the Sextette."

Patsy's heart soared. She whooped.

Lynn frowned. "She hasn't made it yet, Patsy. Oh, I know she's lovely—violet eyes and golden hair and all that. Wonderful tweeds, too. But personally, I think she's dumb. Bee and I asked her to meet us at the Sing the other night—we knew you liked her. And she actually looked—well, frightened, didn't she, Bee? She cried, 'Oh, no! I couldn't! Really, I couldn't,' and ran away. She never even thanked us."

Angela looked adorable in an old-fashioned hoop skirt, but as Lynn pointed out, that was no stunt!

"She's shy," Patsy said confidently. "She needs us."

"Well," Lynn continued, "we'll give her a rush. We'll set her doing stunts, good stiff ones. If she doesn't rate, we don't have to initiate. Okay?"

Patsy hesitated. "Okay!" she said at last.

"Hello, palsy-walsies!" The two remaining members of the Sextette, the twins, Rita and Rhoda, joined them.

"We're here with a flash!" Rita announced. "What do you think? Mrs. Van Zandt is giving us a party on her cabin cruiser Saturday. We're to bicycle out to her place to go aboard the boat. Supper on the island. She's providing. Isn't it swell?"

Patsy was thrilled. The cabin cruiser was a honey, and Mrs. Van Zandt knew how to corral the best in eats. And—Angela would be there.

But that evening, as Patsy climbed the wall that separated

her house from the Duncans', to deliver the bid, she had sudden doubts. Angela had failed a perfectly elementary entrance requirement in hygiene. The Sextette prided themselves on their scholarship. Was Angela, after all, a proper candidate? Or were the other girls right?

Patsy was amazed to find Angela merely amused at her failure. It must have been the spelling, resulting from the fact she spoke five languages—Lap, Dutch, Malay, Spanish and Portuguese! Patsy gasped. Mr. Duncan was a mining engineer.

"But he can't work any more, poor darling," Angela said sadly. "He got malaria." But suddenly she laughed. "Where we lived you have to be up in hygiene to live, Patsy. It's funny, my failing hygiene."

"But if you moved about so much, Angela, how can you be so shy?"

Angela sobered. "I'm not shy, Patsy. Not with grown-ups. But I never went to school before. I had tutors. Girls—terrify me."

Patsy presented the bid. Angela's whole face waked up. "Oh, Patsy! I've always wanted to belong to a group. Like—like having sisters—real sisters, you know."

Patsy went on to explain that, of course, there were stunts she'd have to perform first, in order to be a member. And Angela said rather vaguely, "Oh, of course, Patsy!"

So on Thursday, Patsy climbed the wall with Stunt Number One, a product of Rita's nimble brain.

"You're to go out on the campus tomorrow, Angela, dressed up, and beg."

Even Patsy was unprepared for what followed. "But Patsy, I couldn't beg. I don't have to! Daddy—Daddy would think it awful."

"But, Angela, it's only fun. Everyone will understand. They'll laugh."

"They'll laugh at me," wailed Angela. "I couldn't stand that. Oh, Patsy! I can't! I can't ever belong to your lovely Sextette."

Patsy was momentarily stumped. Then a chance remark of her mother's pointed the way. Her mother, speaking of a neighbor, said, "Anyone would think she didn't know there was a war on!"

Next afternoon, Angela stood on the campus in an old-fashioned hoop skirt, looking adorable and — begging — begging for the Nursery for War Workers' Children, a project of Patsy's mother's.

Lynn seemed about to object, but Patsy said quickly, "You understand, Lynn, there is a war on. I think we ought to point all our activities in that direction."

"All right. You win, Patsy!" Lynn said. "But—it's not worth as much as the real stunt was. Anyone can beg for a worthy cause!"

Patsy had plenty to worry her the next few days. Angela was losing. Mrs. Van Zandt's picnic coincided with the last stunt. Would Angela make it?

The last stunt was Bee's idea, and easy, Patsy thought gratefully. Patsy's brother, Huntly, had been persuaded to lend them his water spaniel, Skippy, for one day. Price, the loan of Patsy's second best racket. For full credit, Angela was to trail Skippy from sunup to sundown, and not let him get into mischief. Skippy was a darling, but an imp, too, as Patsy knew.

But Saturday morning, when she took Skippy over—a Skippy who suspected an outing and was wildly excited, a Skippy who loved shoe leather and made wild little dashes at one's feet—Angela backed away.

"But, Patsy, I couldn't. I—I'm terrified of dogs. One bit me once."

Patsy in desperation grew tough. "Listen, Angela, do you or don't you want to belong to the Superfine Sextette?"

"Oh, Patsy, I do! I do! I—I've got to belong."

"All right." Patsy tried to sound final. "Then you know what you have to do. Nobody's afraid of Skippy. He's only a pup."

Angela bit her lips. Something in the way her head suddenly drooped made Patsy relent.

"What did you

(Cont'd on page 27)

Angela's hand was cold as ice, and when Skippy made a dash for her shoelaces, Angela paled.

The VICTORY CLUB

MONKEY BUSINESS

THE NEXT DAY AT MRS. JAY'S HOUSE...
NOTHING BUT THESE VEGETABLE SHELVES LEFT TO DO.
AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MONKEY. SHE GUARDS HIM LIKE A MILITARY SECRET.
SH-H-H- HERE SHE COMES.

YOU'VE DONE SO WELL! I'LL EVEN TRUST TOTO TO YOU WHILE I SHOP. ISN'T HE SWEET?
OOPS!

TOTO! YOU'LL CUT YOURSELF! OH, YOU CARELESS YOUNG PEOPLE!
GEE, I'M SORRY, MRS. JAY.

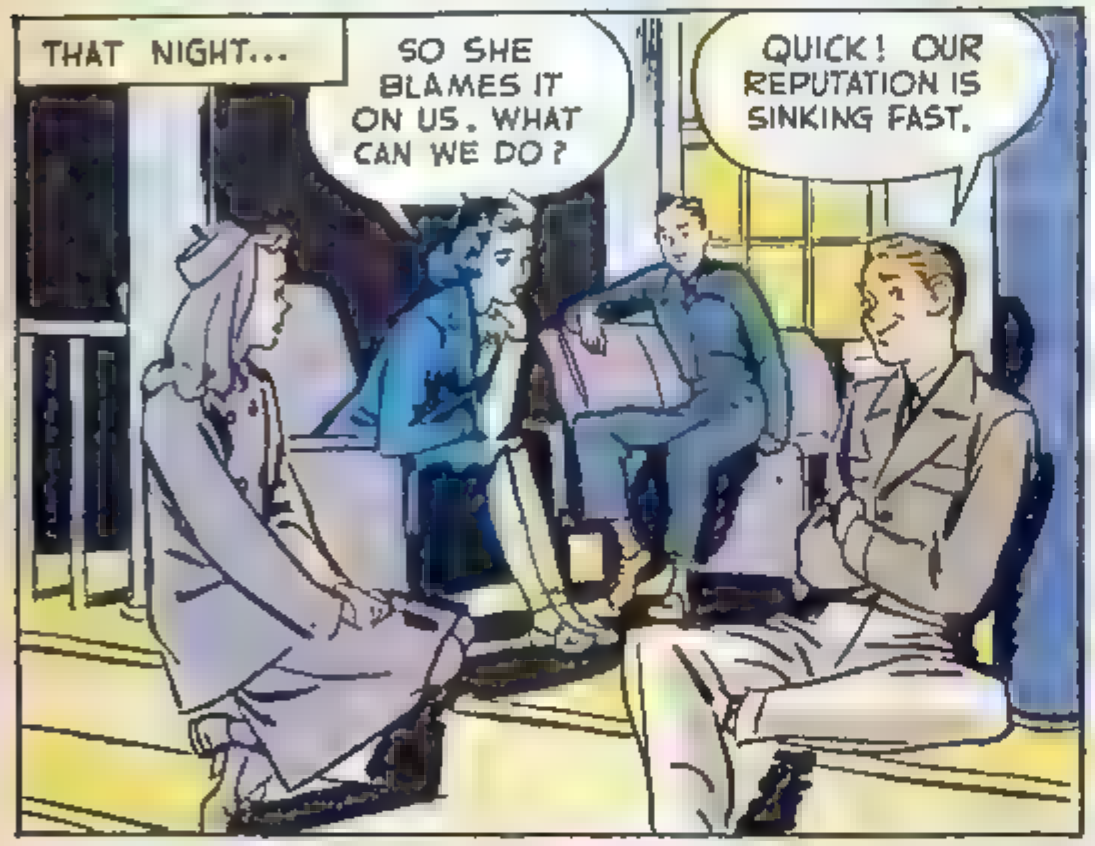
THE NEXT MORNING...
THE LITTLE THING WAS SICK ALL NIGHT. I'M SURE HE CUT HIS FOOT ON THAT GLASS AND GOT AN INFECTION.

THERE'S NO SIGN OF A CUT. IT LOOKS LIKE FOOD POISONING TO ME. WHAT DID YOU FEED HIM?
NONSENSE! I'M VERY CAREFUL OF HIS DIET.

THOSE CHILDREN MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM CANDY OR SOMETHING!
HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

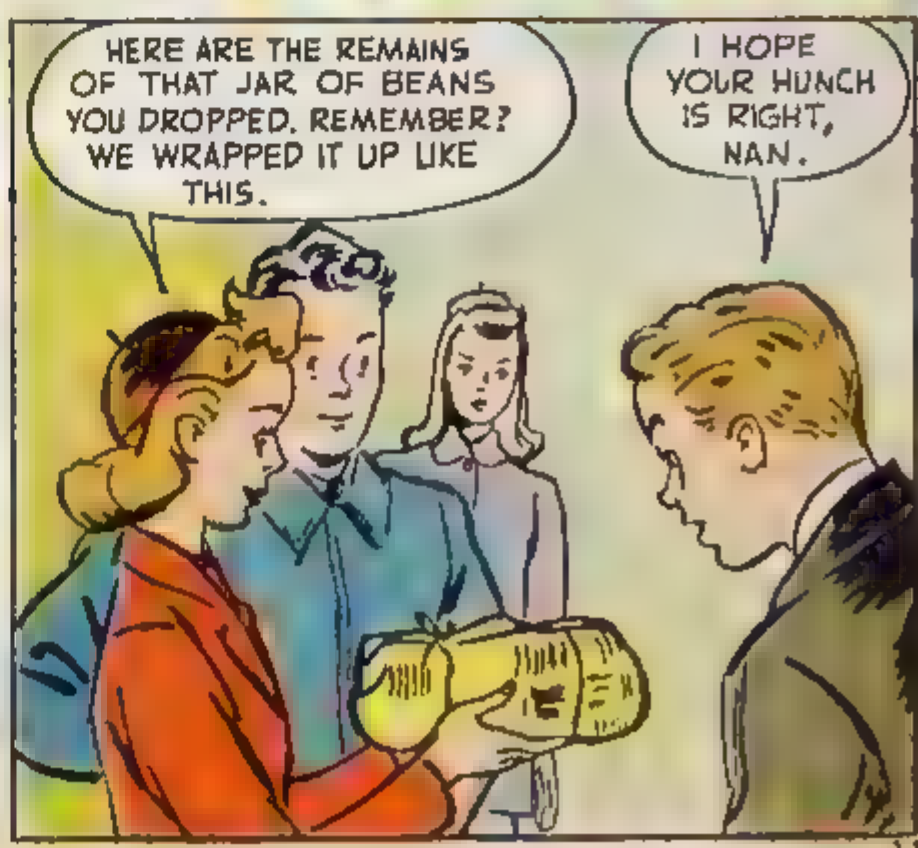
I SHALL CERTAINLY WARN PEOPLE AGAINST THEM.

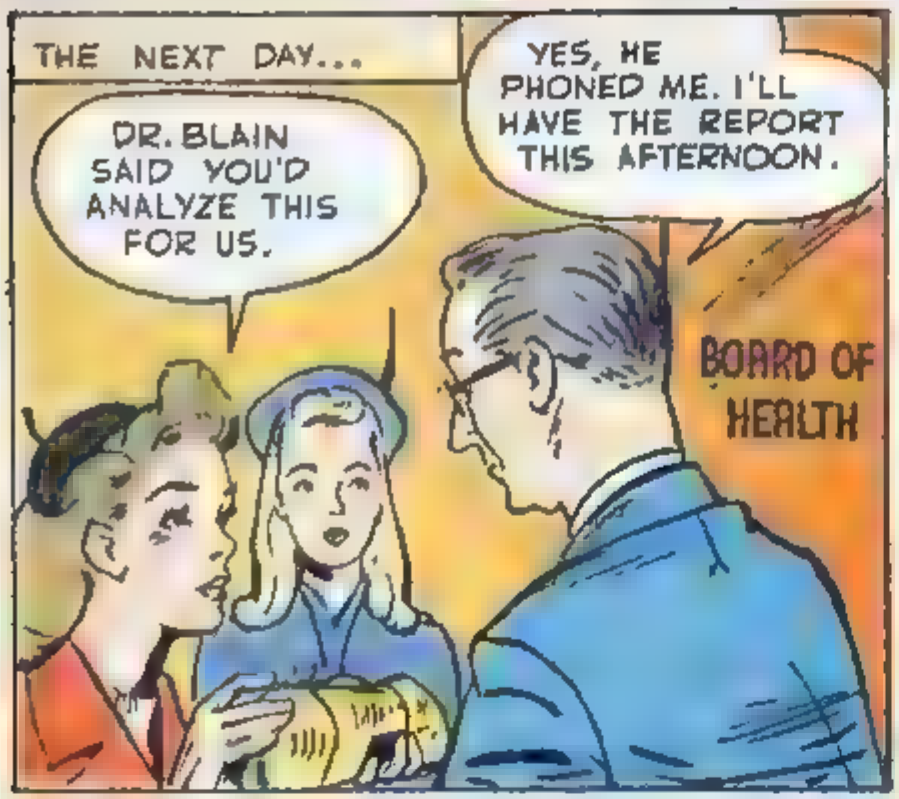
NAN— TELL ME, DID ANY OF YOU FEED TOTO ?
OF COURSE NOT, WHY?

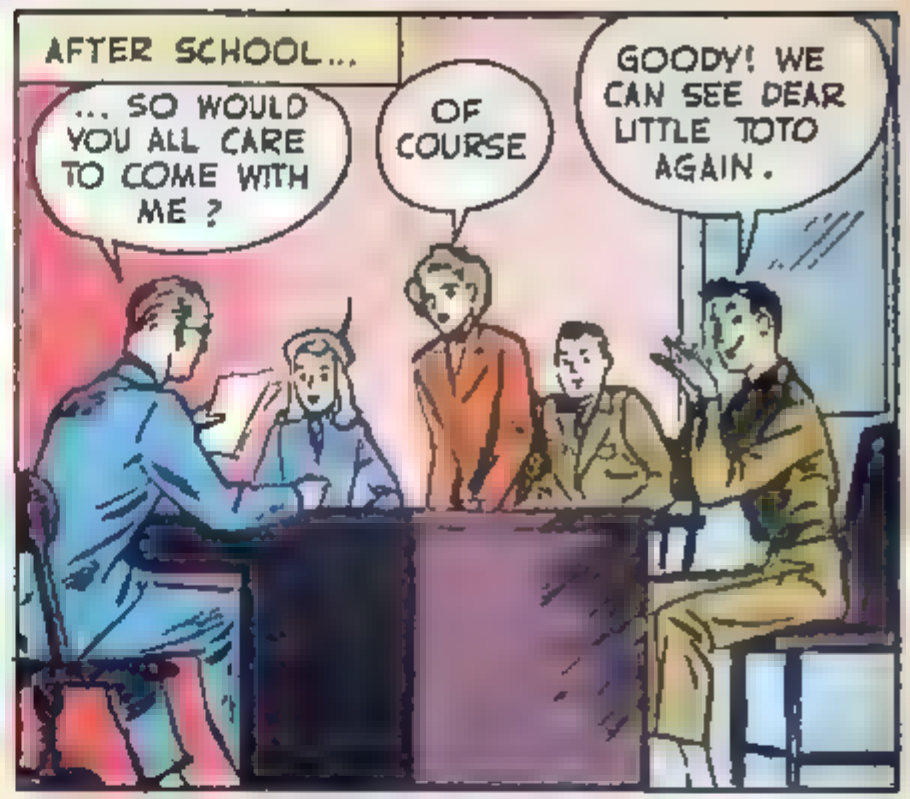

THAT NIGHT...
SO SHE BLAMES IT ON US. WHAT CAN WE DO?
QUICK! OUR REPUTATION IS SINKING FAST.

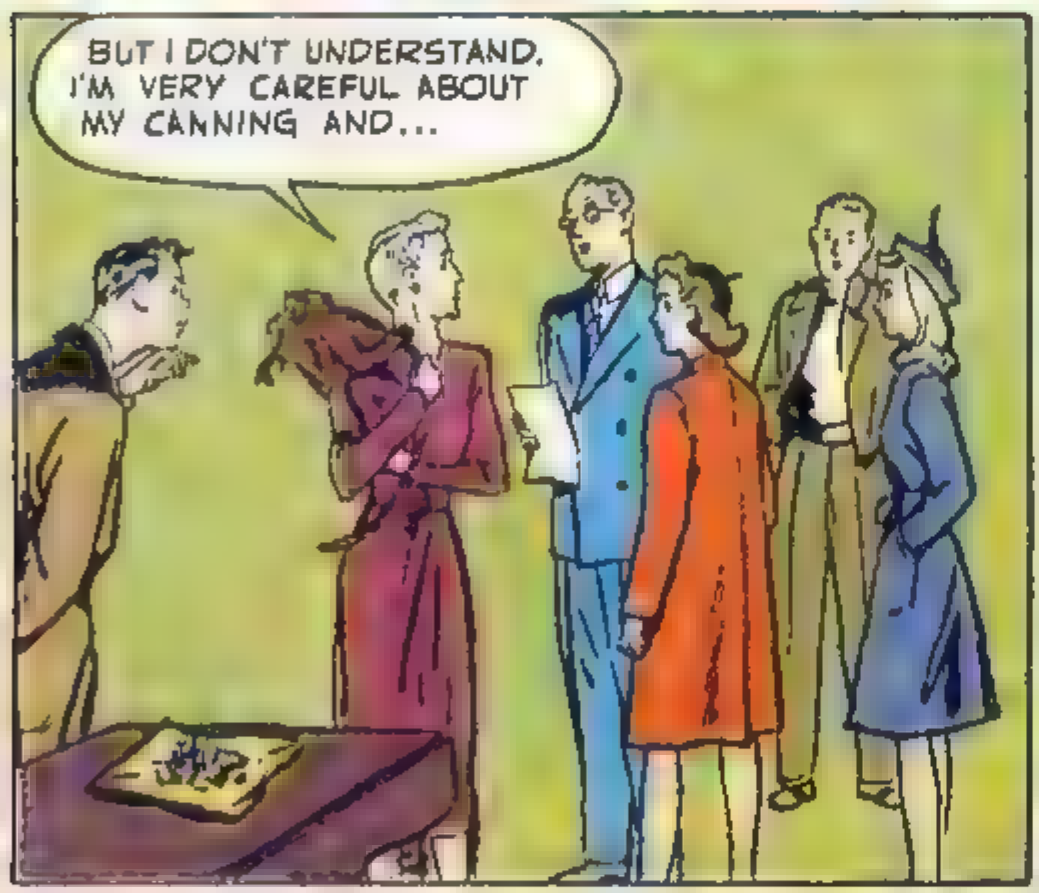
DON'T LAUGH, WALLY, IT IS. AND— WAIT! LET'S GO SCAVENGING.

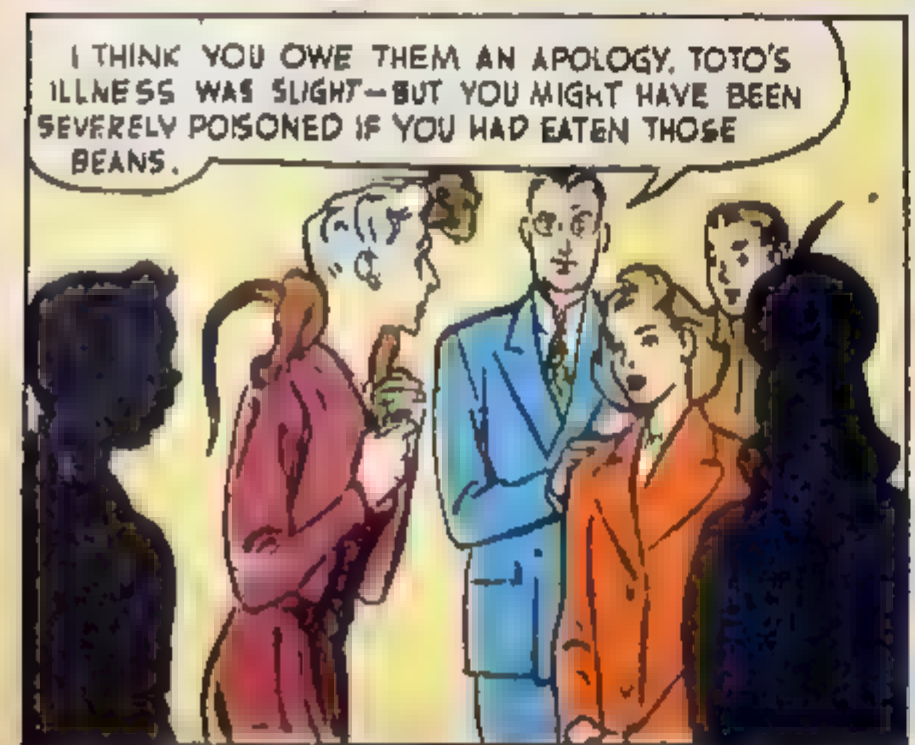
THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS I'D RATHER DO THAN FOOL AROUND IN STRANGE GARBAGE PAILS.
HERE—THIS IS THE BACK OF MRS. JAY'S HOUSE.

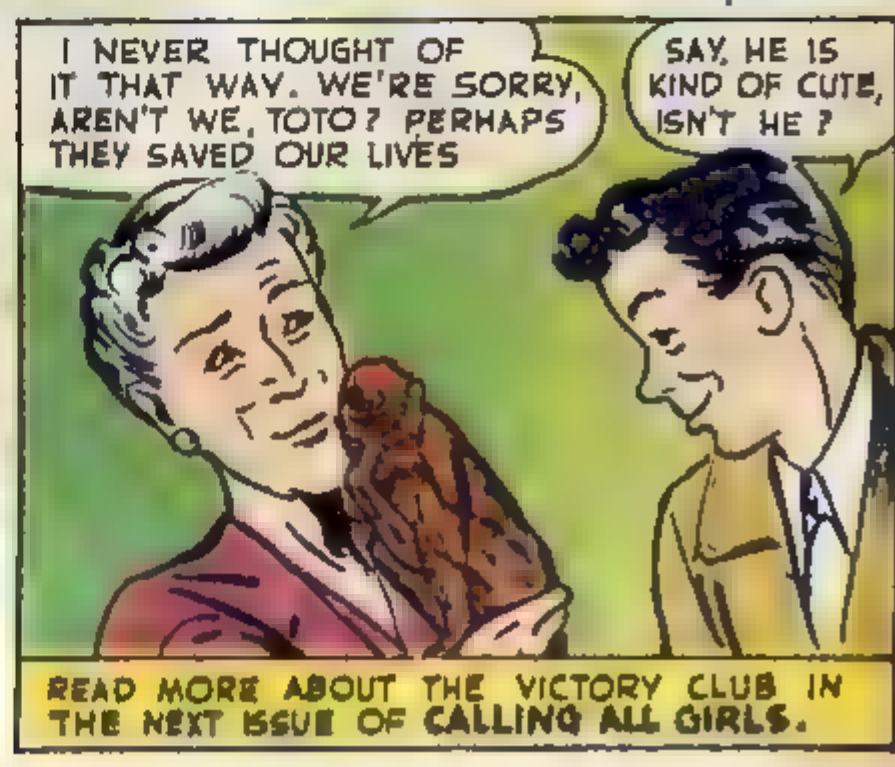

HERE ARE THE REMAINS OF THAT JAR OF BEANS YOU DROPPED. REMEMBER? WE WRAPPED IT UP LIKE THIS.
I HOPE YOUR HUNCH IS RIGHT, NAN.











READ MORE ABOUT THE VICTORY CLUB IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **CALLING ALL GIRLS.**

GIRLS DON'T LIKE JEEPS

Peggy Baker proved she was a winner in something that was bigger even than the school's War Bond contest

By RUTH K. KENT

PEGGY BAKER hustled into the school auditorium and scanned the crowded room for a seat. Oh, there was a place. She edged past three girls and dropped into the seat just as Mr. Ryan, the principal, started to talk.

Peggy squirmed while he went through his speech, about how fine it was for the students of Cedar Hill High to find odd jobs and turn their earnings into bonds and stamps to buy a jeep for the Army—a jeep that was to be a tribute to their George Farrell, the gym and game instructor, who had gone into the Army during the summer. If only Mr. Ryan would get on—yes, he was coming to it now. Peggy leaned forward eagerly. There was a clatter and she gasped.

"Oh, sorry! Oh, hello, Joey." She hadn't noticed that Joey Hansen was sitting beside her. Hurriedly she picked up his crutch that she had knocked down. "Here, Joey . . ."

He grinned. "Thanks, Peggy."

Peggy turned her attention back to Mr. Ryan. He was starting on the contest, the exciting moment. The moment Peggy had worked hard for. She twisted her new bag nervously.

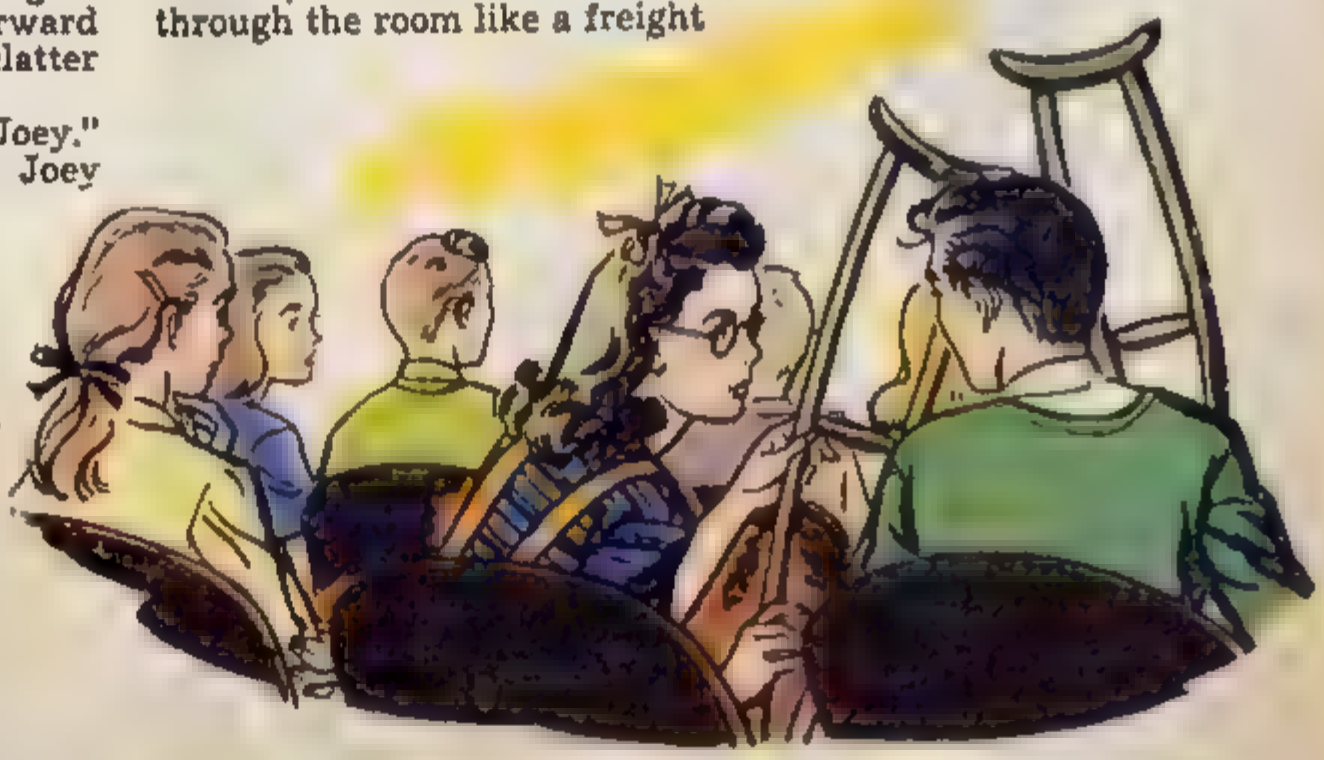
"And now we'll make this informal." Mr. Ryan smiled. "We'll start here in the front row. Miss Dalton will keep track of the reports. Of course, you're all anxious to know who earned the most bonds or stamps so you'll know who rides a jeep down to Fort Loos and, in behalf of the school, presents our pledge to buy one like it to our Mr. Farrell. I've arranged for your return transportation so your parents needn't be uneasy. And the winner, I believe, chooses one student to ride along with him —or her. And there's a little matter of having dinner, or mess, with our Mr. Farrell—er, Lieutenant Farrell."

The clapping started and "Yeah, Farrell!" rumbled through the room like a freight train through a tunnel. Peggy smiled at the way Joey was beating his hands together. He leaned close to her, his round face beaming.

"Boy! That George Farrell is one swell guy. Yeah, George!" he yelled.

Peggy nodded, though she barely heard. She was thinking of someone else. She put her hands on the arms of her seat and hoisted herself upward and peered around the room. Where was Bill Martin, her neighbor and pal? Maybe he hadn't come, after all. But he said he could. What tough luck he'd had. He did so want to go to Fort Loos; he was crazy about Mr. Farrell, too, then had to come down with flu right at the beginning of the drive. Peggy clutched her purse. If only she could win and offer him the extra ride. And now he hadn't come. Maybe he wasn't well enough. Disappointed, she slid down in her seat.

Then she heard a little whistle behind her. No mistaking that whistle, even though it was muffled; she heard it every day. She looked back, and there, just three rows behind and so close she hadn't seen him, was Bill. He did look pale, and even behind his glasses his eyes looked dark, but the grin was the same.



"Oh, I'm sorry, Joey," Peggy cried, hurriedly picking up his crutch that she had knocked down.

"Look," Joey urged Peggy. "They're beginning."

Vaguely, as she thought of Bill's disappointment, she heard the entries being tabulated at the front. ". . . Six dollars in stamps. Eight dollars in stamps. Twenty dollars worth . . ." a loud cheer went up for that. But Peggy fingered her purse and smiled smugly.

"There. It's Sylvia Fisher's turn," Joey whispered. "Bet she made a clean-up."

Peggy held her breath. Sylvia always seemed to come out ahead in elections and everything. She'd probably win this, too. And of course she'd ask Ron Alder to ride with her. Ron was a good basketball player, but everyone knew he was too lazy to make the effort to earn the trip.

"Sylvia Fisher, an eighteen-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent bond and ten dollars in stamps.

The auditorium boomed with noise. Joey nudged Peggy.

"She won't win," he said.

"How do you know?"

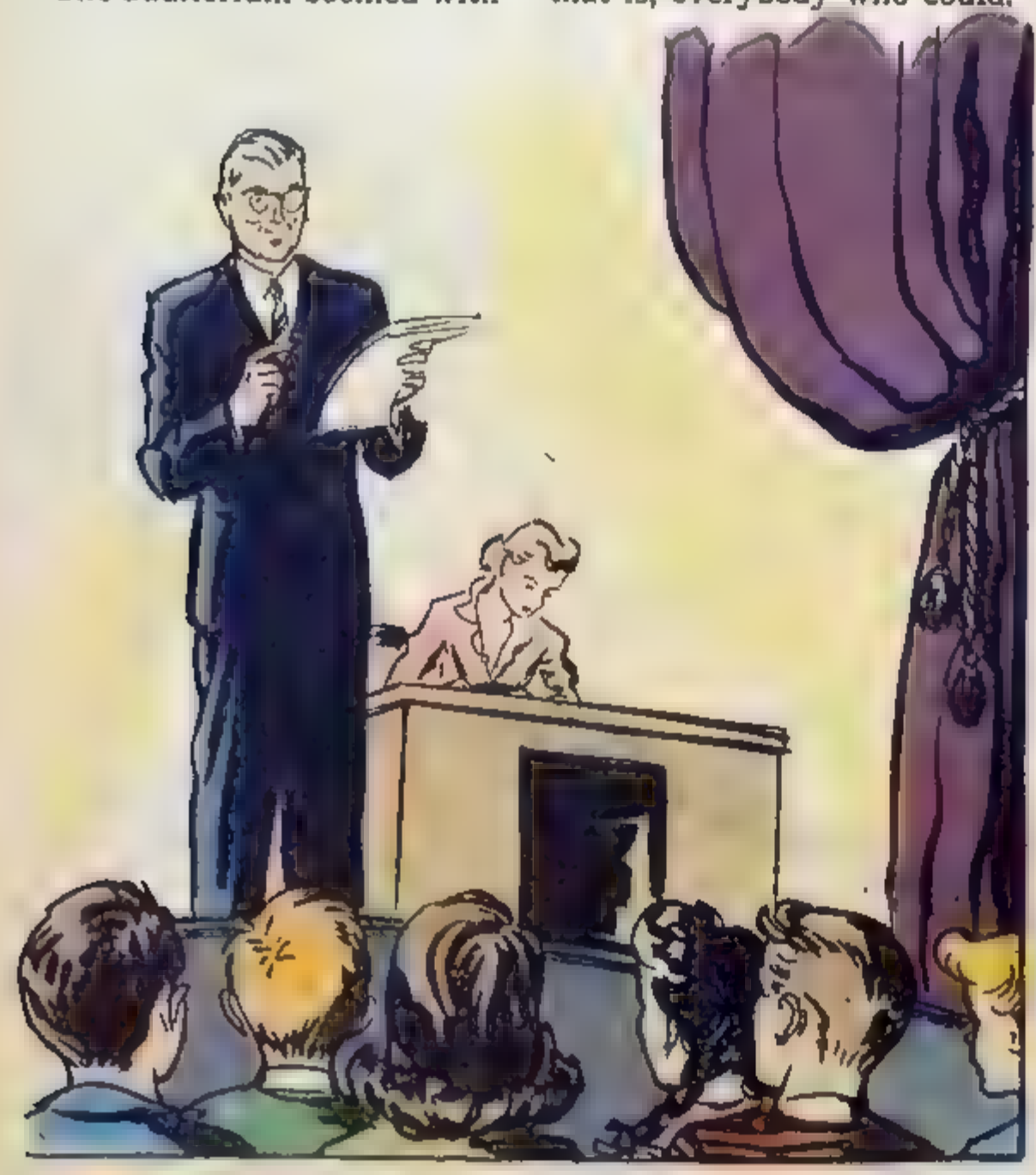
Joey winked. "Oh, I'm wise. Besides, she and Ron had a goofy scheme to pool their stamps. But the committee got wise and put a stop to it. It isn't fair, and people who don't play fair don't usually win."

Peggy glanced at him sharply. Was Joey going to be stuffy? No, he was just sincere. Maybe being ill so long had taught Joey things that the rest of them sort of took for granted.

"I don't think she'll win either," Peggy said.

"You entering?" Joey asked.

Peggy nodded. "I sure am. Everybody ought to enter, regardless of the trip to Loos. Don't you think so? Oh, I mean . . ." She stuttered as she tried to ease over what might be a hurt to him. "I mean—that is, everybody who could."



"Now if there's someone else who deserves the jeep ride, speak up," Mr. Ryan said.

"Sure, the Army needs jeeps. And we need the Army."

Joey was a queer boy sometimes. But everybody in school liked him, and tried to be good to him. He was always friendly. And he was hep to all the current slang, yet sometimes talked like a parent, or a teacher. But everybody was glad that he was able to be around on crutches, after so long in bed, and part of the time in an iron lung.

Peggy leaned over to him. "I'll tell you something. I earned more than Sylvia."

"You did?" He studied her a moment with his serious brown eyes, then grinned. "Who goes to Fort Loos with you?"

Peggy caught a glimpse of dreams in his eyes, but they clouded when she said, "I'm going to take Bill."

"Oh, sure. Bill deserves to go. He's a swell guy." He meant it, but Peggy ached when she realized there was longing in his voice. Maybe he wanted to go to Fort Loos, too.

Peggy twisted the belt on her red corduroy jumper. Maybe she ought to explain to Joey why she was going to take Bill. It would be simple for her to ask Joey—that's the way it looked—but it wasn't.

"Bill's dying to go because he sort of idolizes Mr. Farrell—I mean Lieutenant Farrell. Besides, Bill's made up his mind to go to sea, like my dad, as soon as he's through school. And he says you can't drive a jeep on the ocean."

"I know how he feels," Joey said. "I—well, I guess I'll never ride a jeep, anyhow."

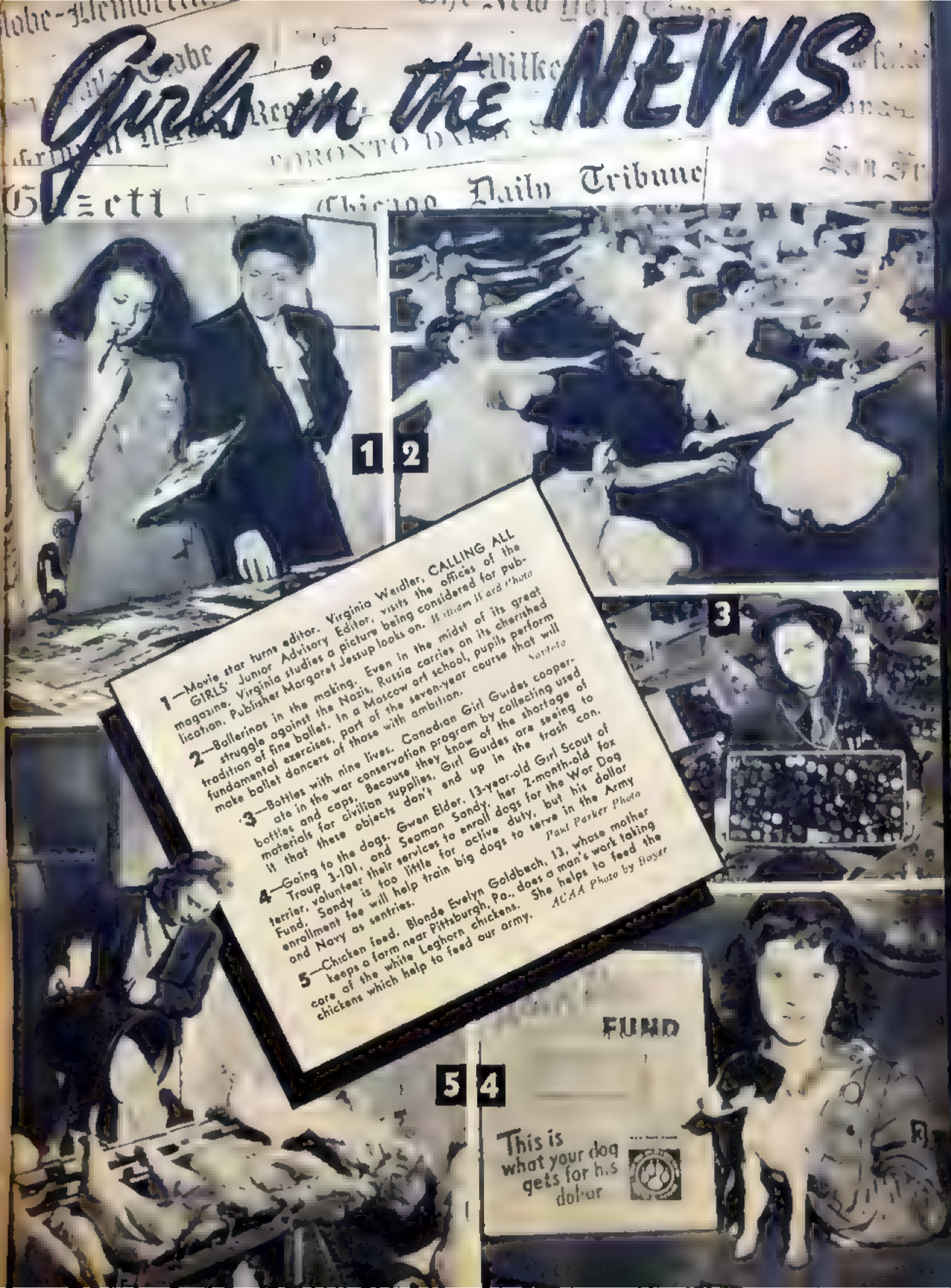
"Aw, Joey." Peggy adjusted the service pin on her pocket so Joey wouldn't see her blinking her eyes. "Gee, Joey, I—I'd like to take you. But I know Bill expects me to take him. If I win."

"Sure. That's okay."

But somehow it wasn't okay. Peggy looked right at Joey. "It's this way. We owe so much to Bill. Ever since Daddy went back to sea—well, even

(Continued on page 42)

Girls in the NEWS



1—Movie star turns editor. Virginia Weidler, CALLING ALL GIRLS' Junior Advisory Editor, visits the offices of the magazine. Publisher Margaret Jessup looks on. *William Ward Photo*

2—Ballerinas in the making. Even in the midst of its great struggle against the Nazis, Russia carries on its cherished tradition of fine ballet. In a Moscow art school, pupils perform fundamental exercises, part of the seven-year course that will make ballet dancers of those with ambition. *Sovfoto*

3—Bottles with nine lives. Canadian Girl Guides cooperate in the war conservation program by collecting used bottles and caps. Because they know of the shortage of materials for civilian supplies, Girl Guides are seeing to it that these objects don't end up in the trash can.

4—Going to the dogs. Gwen Elder, 13-year-old Girl Scout of Troup 3-101, and Seaman Sandy, her 2-month-old fox terrier, volunteer their services to enroll dogs for the War Dog Fund. Sandy is too little for active duty, but his dollar enrollment fee will help train big dogs to serve in the Army and Navy as sentries. *Paul Parker Photo*

5—Chicken feed. Blonde Evelyn Goldbach, 13, whose mother keeps a farm near Pittsburgh, Pa., does a man's work taking care of the white Leghorn chickens. She helps to feed the chickens which help to feed our army. *ACAA Photo by Boyer*

I AM A Refugee

"Land of the free" is more than a pretty phrase to this young girl who came here to escape the black shadow of the swastika

By MARIANNE BENJAMIN
Fifteen Years Old

OCTOBER the eighth, nineteen hundred thirty-nine. The clock in the American Consulate in Berlin said 4:25. Quiet and pale emigrants sat around on the benches waiting for their names to be called. They had been sitting there since early in the morning. They would probably sit there till the consulate closed for the day. Occasionally a tall and important-looking American with papers in his hands would walk across the room and everybody would bend forward anxiously.

"Are those our papers?" they would think.

Suddenly a woman called out shrilly, "Does that mean we have to wait another five years?" Her outcry ended in a sob. It was too much for anybody to stand.

I looked out of the window on the drizzling mist that hid Berlin. Would we have to wait another five years? Five years! And Berlin was getting worse every day. I looked at the casual lady with the glasses who was sitting behind the desk, as if Mother's and my fate were to be decided by her. But she just shrugged her shoulders and, raising her eyebrows, she said, "You'll just have to see Mr. Hocks again." We turned away discouraged to the bone and ready to cry.

Many people have asked me whether it was hard for me to get to the United States, but nobody ever thought of asking me whether it was hard for me to leave Germany. We managed it finally through the help of my aunt in Kansas who knew Mr. Hocks from the American Consulate in Berlin. I was glad to leave because Germany had never meant anything to me but fear and sorrow. But I had lived there almost twelve years and had ties. My best friend was glad that I was able to get away at last, but I knew what was in her mind.

"Now she goes, too," her thoughts must have gone. "Last month Uncle Gerhardt left. Now she. I wonder when we will go?"

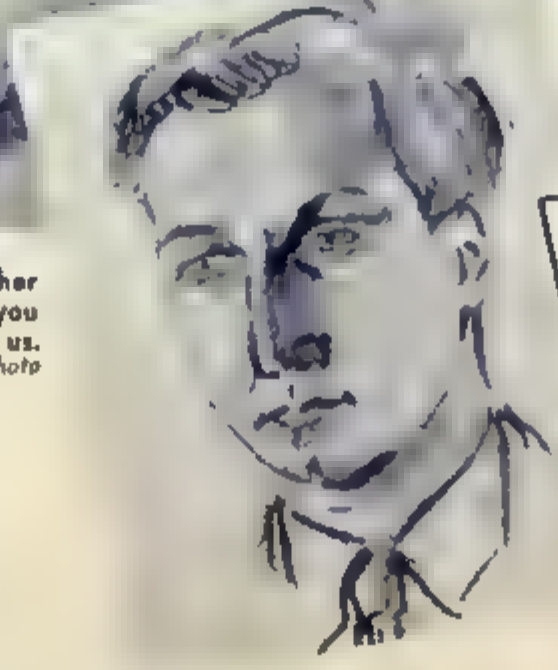
Later, I thought of her often—but not so often as I thought of my grandparents. At that time my grandfather was eighty and my grandmother was six years younger. I think I loved them so much because I did not remember my own father. On that October morning when we left Berlin it was still raining. My grandfather could not come to the station because the weather was so bad, but my grandmother came along. Grandfather, who had brought us to the streetcar, said good-bye. And I guess that was the last thing I saw of my neighborhood, because after that, my eyes were dimmed with tears. I saw Grandfather's tall back, a little stiff and bent as he walked slowly home through the damp mist. I wanted to stop the streetcar. I couldn't leave my grandfather there. I couldn't be without him.

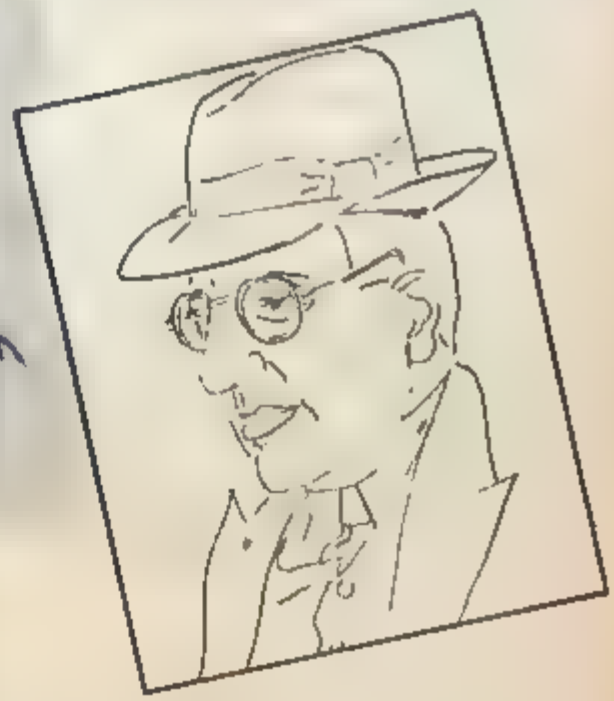
Then we were at the station and I was still in a daze. The conductor called, "All aboard for Munich! All aboard!" Suddenly I realized that I had to leave Grandmother, too. Probably I would never see her again. I stared at her with glassy eyes, trying to keep from crying. We ran to the window of our compartment and looked out. There on the deserted platform stood my little grandmother, waving and trying to

smile while the tears were rolling down, one after the other. The train went faster and we saw less and less of her, and then the train turned a corner.

It was October twenty-seventh and Mother and I were leaving the train—still a little bit sick from its motion. Berlin, Munich, Genoa. We were tired but happy. We were out of Germany at last. We were in Italy. We carried our own bags because we were able to take only ten marks out of Germany and we couldn't afford to pay porters. At last we found a room with a fat but good-looking Italian landlady who expressed her views against Il Duce. But Italy was still beautiful and if I ever get a chance in my future I would like to see it again. The sky was blue even in October. And the people brown. And the houses were pink and cream

Marianne Benjamin at her favorite post—behind her drawing board. She likes to sketch heads, as you can see by these sample drawings she sent us.
Samuel Epstein Photo





and had blinds against the sun. We stayed there two days waiting for the arrival of the great transatlantic liner *Vulcania* to take us away.

When the *Vulcania* entered the New York harbor, it was icy cold on the water. I was shivering with the cold and suppressed excitement as I stood on deck to see the skyline. Mother and I went to an inexpensive hotel. The continual tooting of automobile horns and an occasional fog-horn blast kept us awake for some time. It all sounded like a huge orchestra tuning up. And we had never slept on such soft mattresses. The next day we had oranges, coffee, butter, eggs, and it was so long since we had seen them that I ate two breakfasts and had them again for lunch!

We took the train to Topeka, Kansas, and I don't know how we got there with our English, or, rather, lack of English. But we did. And after two weeks there, my aunt took me to the public school a few blocks away. I was awfully scared. My aunt told me there was absolutely nothing to be afraid of, but you really couldn't blame me for being afraid of schools. In Germany the teachers believed strongly in physical punishment and every classroom had its *Rohrstock*, a thin bamboo stick that hurt a lot. In many cases the children were even meaner than the teachers. Especially the big boys who had been in Hitler's youth organization for years and had plenty of practice in throwing rocks and bullying the little ones.

But I got the surprise of my life when I walked into that Topeka classroom. Only some of the children had their hands folded and none of them had that rigid position and those stony backs that we had to maintain all through the day in the German school. They did not seem frightened either. At last I turned to the front of the room and saw that the teacher was writing on the board. I probably gave a gasp of surprise. She wore high heels and wore her blonde hair piled on top of her head! The teacher turned around and smiled at me in a very friendly way; but after addressing a few sentences to me, she realized that I did not understand a single word.

Soon I felt more at home and held conversations in sign language. And then I learned English and more about American customs, and every day I was more surprised at the

(*Continued on page* 35)

Dress up your ROOM, too!

A well-groomed room is just as important as a well-dressed you. Both your room and your clothes reflect your character

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON
Authority on Decorating

MAYBE you've never really thought about it, but there's just as much knack to fixing up your room as there is to knowing how to wear your clothes. It's just as exciting, and surely as satisfying, to have people rave about your room as it is to be voted the best-dressed gal in class. You don't have to spend a lot of money, either, to have a swank, comfortable room. There's no particular trick, or sense of accomplishment, in spending a lot of money to dress up your room. It's more fun to see how much you can do and how little you need spend.

The decorating schemes for the rooms illustrated on these two pages have been built around the patterns in the bedspreads and draperies. We decided to use them as our decorating cues because they offer so much at so little cost. All the bedspreads and draperies illustrated are the famous ready-made Bates' cottons, and should be readily available in your local stores. They'll stand the antics of your friends, and you won't have to worry if the gang does sit on your bed, because the spreads can be washed so easily.

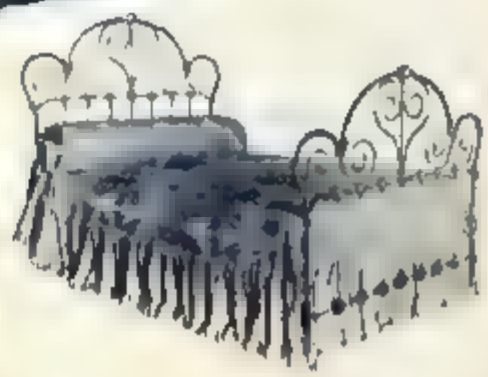
If you are the "fussy" or dainty type, you will probably go in for frills and patterns such as "Cotillion" or "Springtime." If you like things tailored, "Dress Parade" is your dish. And if horseback riding is your passion, by all means choose "Buckaroo," shown at the bottom of page 19. Of course, you can make bedspreads, draperies, and dressing-table skirts out of materials bought by the yard. But if this is your first experience at fixing up your room, you'll be glad for the ready-to-hang draperies and ready-made bedspreads. Whatever you do, let your room reflect your tastes and interests.

You know, don't you, the one sure way of encouraging the family to let you dress up your room? Well, in case you need to be reminded, it's by showing them how neat and orderly you really are.

Below—"Cotillion" is the pattern name of these lovely draperies and bedspread, particularly appropriate in a room of Colonial flavor. Note how the curve of the plume provides a decorating cue, carried out in the swag on the dressing-table skirt.

Above—For the tailored twosome. Even if you don't share your room, this provides a swell way of taking care of your overnight or vacation guest. And the family can't possibly complain that you two will spend your time giggling instead of studying because who wouldn't get down to business at that spacious desk, made by placing a sheet of plate glass across two sets of chests. Buy the chests unpainted, then paint to match Bates' "Dress Parade" bedspread and draperies. You can easily duplicate the beds by discarding head- and footboards of your bed and asking Dad to put six legs on your box spring. Or build a frame for a coil spring. The Deltox reversible fiber rug is just as good-looking as it is practical. It's not expensive, and can be shampooed on the floor.

Below—Whoa! Isn't this a stopper? It's an exciting pattern for a young girl's room. "Buckaroo" offers a number of decorating cues besides the horseback-riding theme. It combines well with modern or Mexican accessories and is very colorful.



Above—Maybe you too, have been wondering what to do with an old-fashioned metal bed. Well, here's the answer to your problem. Just buy an extra Bates "Springtime" bedspread (all Bates' bedspreads come in two sizes) and make a slip cover for the head rails. First, cut a pattern for the slip cover out of muslin or brown paper to make sure the finished cover will fit properly. And from the scraps of the material, cut out the flowers, or any other detail in the pattern, and paste them on the wall to outline the shape of the bed and dressing-table mirror. Note the old piano stool which makes a cute dressing-table bench. No room is complete without a generous-size desk, good reading light, and a bulletin board.

THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS

"There's something strange about this house. I can feel it. Don't ask me what. I can't explain it. But I've got the weirdest feeling—as if we were being watched."

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Jill Watson wished that she could solve the mystery of the stolen bank bonds and win the $1000 reward. But Babs Morley was more interested in Bayberry Hill's smaller robberies by the Spooks who stole strange things and left them in front of the Finnegans' house. The girls were puzzled over a dirty ragamuffin, Mike, who came begging for food and disappeared upstairs in the Morley house to wash his hands, he said. Later, on a picnic, the girls stopped off at Deadwood Isle to explore a house built by the eccentric hermit, Mr. Ecks, who had been drowned and whose body had never been recovered. Before his death, he warned that his spirit would return to haunt the island. The house was locked, but Jill saw a tiny brown face at the window. Returning home, the girls found the Morley house had been robbed and turned upside down by the Spooks, and Petunia, the maid, was bound and gagged in the bathhouse. When they released her she insisted that a giant, a witch, and an imp of Satan had kidnapped and gagged her! Now go on with Chapter Four.

Jill was sure the Spooks were in the haunted house but, when she went to investigate, Mr. Ecks' spirit talked back!

By ISABELLE COREY

JILL was certain Eddie Finnegan was not one of the Spooks, though the sheriff did not agree. He arrested the boy the next day, for which Jill blamed herself. If she hadn't mentioned the basket, Sheriff Tompers would never have suspected him. There was only one way to free Eddie Finnegan, Jill decided: find the real thieves. She had a hunch they were in the abandoned house on Deadwood Isle. She and Babs would have to investigate. After all, she had seen a tiny brown face at the window.

"I bet that's Petunia's imp of Satan," she said to Babs as they hoisted sail on Babs' boat the next morning and started out.

When they reached Deadwood Isle, a rocky promontory served ably as a landing place. Up the rickety stairs to the door they bounded.

Impulsively Babs grasped the handle and pushed. The door moved. She pushed again, and the door swung open.

"That's odd," Jill puzzled, and looked at Babs. "I'm positive it was locked before."

With a sense of uneasiness they stepped over the threshold into a dank and musty room.

Cobwebs, like witches' veils, hung from the ceiling and clouded the corners. The table, chairs, lamps, even the curtain of the trick cabinet, were all grayed with a heavy film of dust.

"The place is just as Mr. Ecks left it," Babs whispered. "Doesn't it give you the creeps?"

Jill nodded and her brow puckered as she gazed slowly around the room.

"There's something strange about this house," she whispered. "I can feel it. Don't ask me what. I can't explain it. But I've got the weirdest feeling—as if we were being watched."

Babs swallowed hard. "Being watched? But that's impossible! There's nobody here but ourselves."

Forcing a laugh, Jill admitted it might be nerves. Still . . .

Quickly changing the subject, she said, "Guess I imagined that face in the window, after all. Nobody's lived here in a long while. The dust hasn't been disturbed — except for chipmunks or whatever they are. See." She pointed to the tracks of tiny feet on the floor and across the table. "They are the only tenants in this house."

Babs' face froze. "W-what was that?" she stammered.

Soft rustling noises seemed to come from the ceiling and walls

"Must be mice," Jill said. "What else could it be?"

Babs relaxed and grinned a bit sheepishly. "I'm getting to be a regular scaredy-cat." Then, crossing the floor, she suggested, "Let's see what's in the bedroom."

Mr. Ecks' sleeping quarters were sparsely furnished. Opposite the door, in line with the wall, was a rusted army cot. A roughly-hewn dresser, kitty-cornered from the cot, faced the closet. That was all. Nothing but the bare necessities

Unable to resist their curiosity, the girls went through the dresser drawers. A rusty razor blade, a few cotton handkerchiefs, two worn shirts, one set of underclothing, and a pair of toeless socks were all they discovered.

"He must have been terribly poor," Babs said, shutting a dresser drawer.

She looked up in time to see the door close; a faint click followed. "Jill, wait for me," she called out.

Jill came out of the closet; cobwebs clung to her clothes. "What's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

Babs stared at her. "The door! Somebody closed it! I thought it was you."

"But who . . ." Jill had caught Babs' fear, then suddenly she laughed. "Maybe one of the boys followed us here and is playing a joke on us." She tiptoed across the room. "Let's see." She was surprised when the door would not open.

The two girls exchanged uneasy glances. Jill put her fingers to her lips as she stood with her ear pressed to the door. She could not hear anyone moving on the other side. The silence was almost tomb-like; even the lap of the water, outside, sounded muffled and far away.

"What'll we do?" Babs cried, backing away. "We can't get out through the window. It's boarded up. Jill, we're trapped!"

"Maybe we could force the door," Jill said without much hope. But the door held fast.

With a sigh she sat on the cot beside Babs. "Our only chance is that somebody will pass by and see the front door open. They'd be bound to investigate."

"And in the meantime," Babs said with a rueful smile, "we starve."

Jill forced a laugh. "You're as bad as Ronnie, always thinking of food."

Her eyes roved restlessly around the room, searching for a means of escape. A paper, yellowed with age, on the floor by the foot of the cot caught her attention. As she stooped to pick it up, Babs spoke.

The door began to swing open slowly. Babs screamed in terror and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Do you think Dave and Ronnie would think to look here when we don't show up?" she said.

"I hope so." Jill glanced down at the paper in her hand. "Look at this. It's an old movie program, dated October 21, 1925."

Together they read the name of a popular motion picture of that day, and below it were listed the different acts of the vaudeville show: "Tumble and Bumble, the Two Dumble Dumble Clowns. Marotio and Mermo, The Talking Dog. Grant and Brant, Acrobats. The Uncanny Macanny and His Ghostly Trio. Cooper and Hardy, Comedians. Kendell and Marsh."

"What a silly thing for anyone to keep," Jill said, and she let the old program flutter to the floor. "Why, Babs, I never thought of it until now, but our boat is out there where anyone can see it. Don't worry, we'll get out of here."

After several minutes Babs said in a strained voice, "If there was nobody out there to close the door, what did close it?"

Jill was startled. "I don't know, unless . . . Oh, it was probably a draught." She glanced at the window. "If only we had something to pry those boards off with."

"A draught?" Babs questioned. "But the door opens inward."

"Stop it, Babs! You're trying to make it sound weird. A draught can pull a door shut as well as blow it open." Jill stopped and listened. "What was that?"

A strange whispering filled the air.

"Maybe it's your draught again," Babs suggested. Suddenly she stiffened. "It — it sounds like Mr. Ecks!"

Jill shook her head. "It can't be. Mr. Ecks is dead."

The whispering had turned to a low moan. It sounded as if someone were saying, "The sea, the water, w-a-t-e-r . . . In my mouth, my eyes, my ears, my nose . . . Seaweed . . . Clutching seaweed . . . blinds me, traps me, ties me to the rocks. Rocks . . . My coffin, the rocks . . . Under the sea . . . The sea . . . Crabs and fish under the sea . . . With m-e-e-e-e-e . . ."

As the eerie sound faded away a clap of thunder brought both girls to their feet. Then the door began to open slowly . . .

Babs screamed in terror and covered her eyes with her hands. When she lowered them, there was nobody there and Jill was tugging at her arm.

"Come on," Jill said, "we're getting out of here."

Though her legs felt weak and watery, Babs managed to keep up with the other girl as they fled from the house. Scrambling over the rocks to the boat, bruising ankles and arms in their haste, they had the sail hoisted before they realized they were in the midst of a storm.

With the rain and salt spray stinging her eyes, Jill clung to the mainsail till her hands felt raw and stiff; she dared not relax her grip for a moment.

Then, when they could see the rocks and cliffs a few hundred yards away, the ropes were suddenly wrenched from her hands as the sail ripped from the mast of the boat.

"Look out!" she yelled.

The next moment they were in the water.

Thrashing and sputtering, Jill rose to the surface. "Babs!" she shouted, flinging the hair out of her eyes. "Babs! Where are you? Are you all right?"

She spied her friend clinging to the stern of the overturned boat. With strong, powerful strokes Jill swam over to her. Together they kicked off their shoes and headed for shore. Although both girls were good swimmers, they barely made it.

Flinging herself out of the waves' reach, Babs panted, "Think we can salvage the boat?"

Jill shook her head. "Can't," she said, struggling to catch her breath. "It's already headed for the rocks. Smash up in no time."

"My poor boat," Babs wailed. "At least we're safe, though."

After a brief rest they started home. With difficulty they picked their way over sharp stones, and at times were forced to wade waist-deep through the water. Then the rocks, though still slippery and sharp, piled up above the water, against the wall of granite; and it was easier going after this.

Suddenly Jill's foot slipped. With both hands she grabbed the jagged surface of the cliff to save herself. To her horror and amazement she felt one of the stones give way in her hand. She would have fallen backwards, into the water, if Babs had not caught her arm in time and steadied her.

"Oh!" Jill breathed. "That was close."

Then she saw the niche. She was sure she hadn't noticed it before. She looked at the flat piece of stone still in her hand and knew why. The niche had been covered. Why? Were any of the other stones loose? They weren't.

Her hand reached inside the opening. It was deep and dry. Her fingers touched something.

FALL

By JAN GARTHWAITE
Fifteen Years Old
Honorable Mention in Camp Fire Girls Annual Poetry Contest

Yesterday was summer.
Rich and ripe, in stifling heat,
The fruit hung low, bursting sweet.
The closeness throbbed like a far-off boat.
Yesterday was summer.

Today is crisp.
The grapes are shriveled, soured, old;
Squirrels work faster, twice as bold,
Through leaf smoke acrid in the sad, sharp cold.
Today is fall.

With a gasp of amazement, Jill showed Babs the heavy brown paper with its strange message scribbled in red crayon.

Paper. Surprised and curious she drew it out. It was a piece of heavy brown paper. Careful not to let the wind blow it away, she unfolded it. With a gasp of amazement she showed it to Babs, who was just as startled, because, scribbled in red crayon was:

Emeeeetea emee oytea beeyeoreseoitchpeoeheyeeetea eltoyendeeeyengee doubleyoueedeeeneeeeisdeeoywhy emeyedeeeneyegeeoitchtea eyeempeoohoreteeoyentea teeoitchee seeoitcheyeeeef eeepeoohchkay.

Doubleyouee doubleyoueyeellell beeee teeoitcheeoreee teeoitchee ohteeoitcheeere teedoubleyouoh.

"What is it?" Babs said, looking up from the paper.

Jill shook her head. "It's crazy. I thought it might be a note until I opened it. Now, I don't know."

"Maybe it is a note," Babs said, half laughing. "Some little kids might be playing post office."

"Oh, Babs!" Jill's face was completely skeptical. "Little children—way out here? Why, it's much too dangerous for them."

"Well, what is this then?"

"Let me see it again." Jill took the paper and her brow puckered. She couldn't make any sense out of the scribbling. "Of course, somebody did leave it, because it couldn't get into that hole by itself. Couldn't even blow in with this stone hiding the opening."

"That means somebody left it there for a purpose."

"Oh—oh, Babs!" Jill had suddenly become excited. "Didn't you notice anything familiar? The red crayon!"

"Red crayon? What about it?"

"Don't you see? It's the same color the Spooks use on their calling cards!"

"Then—then you think the Spooks wrote this?" Babs had caught Jill's excitement.

"Of course, I'm not sure," Jill answered slowly. "But I'm pretty sure. Do you know what I think?"

"What?"

"This is a message in code. The code of the Spooks!"

Home at last, the girls were changing into dry clothes when Jill said, "Don't tell Mother about our find. I don't want her to know we're after thieves. She would worry too much."

Babs promised not to breathe a word of it.

"And should we keep what we heard and saw in Mr. Ecks' house a secret, too?" she added, pulling on a stocking.

In the familiar surroundings, without darkly mysterious corners, Jill wasn't so sure they had heard a voice in the abandoned house. It could have been a combination of wind, thunder, and imagination, she said. "We were just jittery and imagined things. I'm sure that's all it was."

Later in the evening, in the seclusion of Jill's room, Jill brought out the paper which had dried without smudging the crayoned letters.

"Now then, Babs," she said, breathless with excitement, "let's get to work on this."

Babs pulled up two chairs to the table under the reading lamp, and together they went over the meaningless jumble of letters. One thing they noticed was that there seemed to be two different handwritings.

After a few minutes of silent study, Babs said, "Do you think the first letter of every word

(*Continued on page 38*)

Schooled for VICTORY

TO the high school students of America, winning the war is as vitally important as it is to the men and women in service. For these teeners know that on the outcome of the war depends the kind of world they will live in tomorrow. Through the High School Victory Corps, a wartime student organization, thousands of girls and boys are contributing to the national war effort by vigorously and faithfully participating in community wartime services

Official OWI Photos

The girls' drill team of Roosevelt High School, Los Angeles, Calif., learns military precision, coordination, and teamwork. They march as smartly as WACs.

The instructor in aeronautics at Washington High School, Los Angeles, Calif., explains propeller characteristics to the girls in his class. Airplane mechanics are essential to keep our fighters and bombers flying over enemy territory.

Trimly-uniformed Victory Corps rifle team members stand at ease during rifle drill, one of the war-training activities of Roosevelt High School.

Senior students in the welding class of Montgomery Blair High School, Silver Spring, Md., adjust an oxygen gauge. They plan to help fill the need of war plants for skilled welders.

Navigation classes are part of the school's special victory program in Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles, Calif. This girl learns how to determine latitude exactly by using a sextant.

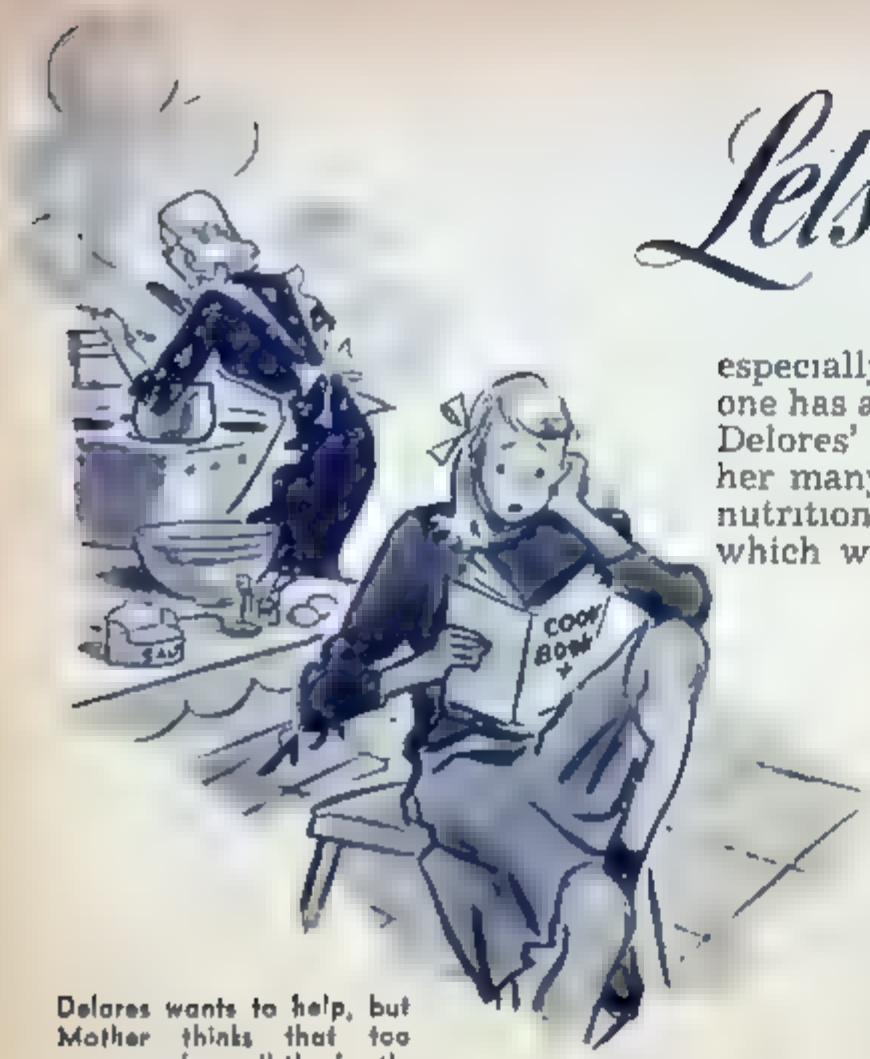
An army marches on its stomach, and so does a Victory Corps. A Corps member helps to prepare and serve food at cost in the student-run cafeteria of Montgomery Blair High School.

Sighting the target accurately so that every shot will count is vital in marksmanship. Roosevelt High School girls prove their ability to handle firearms with skill, safety, and precision.

A ground crew is in the making at Washington High School. Victory Corps members master the principles of aeronautics by working with actual airplanes.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



Delores wants to help, but Mother thinks that too many cooks spoil the broth

In most ways my mother is quite fair, but she never lets me cook or help her cook. At school when we cook I always get high marks and see no reason why I shouldn't be able to. My friends cook whenever they want to. Could you tell me what to do?—Delores C., aged 13, British Columbia.

WE ARE glad to know that Delores appreciates her mother's fairness about so many things. She and her mother must have many happy times together.

It really is too bad about that cooking ban! Delores does not tell us what are her mother's objections but we have heard some mothers say things like, "Oh, my children get in my way in the kitchen!" Or, "I can do the work so much faster and better myself." Or, "I only have to clean up afterwards and food is wasted." It always helps to look for and examine the reasons for decisions reached.

We wonder whether Delores has made it clear to her mother that she wants to learn to cook good food which the family can enjoy, not just to fool around wastefully. These days this is especially important, for no one has a right to waste food. Delores' mother can teach her many things about food, nutrition, and meal planning which will be of permanent value to her.

It is important for anyone who wants a job to prove herself ready for the responsibilities that go along with it. Delores should show that she can be neat and thrifty and also a tidy cleaner-upper afterward. She can also ask to do her cooking at times convenient for the family and be willing to start with simple things. Since she has experimented in cooking at school, she must have some good recipes already tried and tested, and having an opportunity to practice, even if some mistakes are made along the way, is a good way to go on learning.

Perhaps Delores and her friends might alternate with cooking sessions in each other's homes, or they could occasionally make up back-yard or outing lunches. It may be that they can help with the family canning, preserving, or dehydrating, thus doing their share in conserving food—a real victory service of which their families may be truly proud.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed, and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Since we have been in the fourth grade we have gone to school with boys and girls our parents consider in a lower class than ourselves. We are now in the ninth grade. Our class friends intend to go out together on a party. We would like very much to go with them but we know our parents wouldn't allow it. Will you please tell us what to do?—Mary P., and Jane D., aged 14, Massachusetts.

MARY and Jane want to be friendly and are eager to be good young Americans. We are sure that they don't think of girls and boys in their town as belonging to "classes," some lower and some higher. In our country we have always prided ourselves in believing that "all men are created equal"; and never did so many of us long for the time (and dedicate ourselves to work toward it) when every young person all over the world can have equal opportunities for health, education, and a full, good life.

We do choose our own special friends, of course. We are more attracted to certain people than to others and we want the privilege of making of these our closest companions. But we can be friendly to all classmates and neighbors and we certainly would be missing some wonderful opportunities for fun and growth if we never got together with young people whose homes, neighborhoods, school backgrounds, or experiences happen to have been somewhat different from our own. Can you imagine someone saying that Abe Lincoln was in a lower class because he was born poor?

We can learn much from each other and we often discover how many likenesses we share and how much we do have in common. Learning to respect

(*Continued on page 34*)

(*Continued from page 8*)

mean, you've got to belong, Angela?"

Angela raised her head. Patsy noted her flaming cheeks and the tragic look in her violet eyes which held unshed tears.

"You couldn't understand, Patsy," she said fiercely. "You're always allowed to go anywhere you want to go. But Daddy doesn't think I should go anywhere alone. He thinks I'm still a baby. It's frightful. I thought if I belonged to a group and you were going, he'd let me go places with you." Suddenly her face softened. "They're such darlings, Daddy and Mums. But—it's so humiliating, and I just can't make them understand."

"No, you couldn't," Patsy said and had one of her inspirations. "You see, Angela, you've just got to be brave and make the Sextette."

But the hand into which Patsy, on leaving, thrust Skippy's leash was cold as ice. Skippy made a dash at Angela's shoelaces. Angela went white. Patsy suspected Skippy would be home in no time.

But—when they assembled for the boat ride, Angela and Skippy were still together, a worn-looking Angela, and a small dog with angry lights in his amber eyes.

They were hardly aboard when Angela began losing points. Skippy fell into the boat and upset the water bottle. They had to wait until Bee went back and refilled it. He thought the rain coats were some form of rag doll, and worried one until he tore it before he was stopped. He flung himself at Mrs. Van Zandt and ruined her last nylons—she was the kind who scorned cotton hose on any occasion. He shot into the cabin, got mixed up in Mr. Van Zandt's fishing tackle, and worried a line into a snarl.

Angela brought him struggling on deck and, to Patsy's joy, handed him a smack. Skippy was so surprised, he just slunk under the seat of the stern. He was very, very quiet. Even Angela began to look peaceful and join in the singing. Between songs, someone said, "What is that strange noise?"

They listened. Above the beat of the motor was a curious crunching sound. Then Lynn yelled, "Skippy! Catch that dog, Angela! The little rascal is eating up all our supper!"

The next moment Angela was standing up in the tossing boat and hurling Skippy overboard. Had she gone completely out of her mind?

Skippy was dragged out—a Skippy with a nose nicely plastered with lobster salad and eggshells.

"Oh!" wailed Rita. And Mrs. Van Zandt said, "You'll all just have to do with cocoa and seed cake. That dog has been into every blessed thing."

No, Patsy thought, Angela would never make the Sextette. And if Angela didn't make the Sextette, it would mean that she couldn't share in their good times and, worse, that she would go on being treated as a baby at home. Patsy sat silent, lost in mournful thoughts.

And then it struck! A wild wind that seemed to rise from the sea itself swooped full at them. Everything seemed to tear loose at once. The boat wallowed crazily. A great wave came smashing aboard. With a sputter the engine died. Everybody screamed.

"The anchor!" shouted Mrs. Van Zandt. "Heave it over!" She was trying desperately to swing the wheel off shore.

Bee and Rhoda and Patsy got the anchor overboard. Patsy thought there was something sickening in the gulp with which the sea swallowed it

She looked around. On their right was the shore, a misty crescent of sand between rocky reefs, and it was then Patsy knew terror. The wind was driving them ahead, straight for a rocky reef! The water there was fathoms deep and rolling! But the anchor! Something was wrong. A glance at Mrs. Van Zandt's face showed it lined with apprehension. Then Patsy understood. The anchor wasn't holding!

"The life preservers! In the cabin! Put them on!" Mrs. Van Zandt shouted above the lashing, snarling storm. They made a dive inside. When they came out, Lynn had an extra one. Patsy helped her wrap it around Mrs. Van Zandt who was working desperately over the dead engine.

Angela was in the cabin. Patsy had seen her and looked quickly away. Angela was crouching in a corner. Patsy's disappointment was bitter. It hurt to think of Angela as a coward. Maybe the others were right, after all. Maybe Angela wouldn't make a good addition to the Sextette. The thoughts raced through Patsy's head as she struggled to keep her balance against the assaults of the wind and the waves.

Then above the racket of the storm she heard a shout. Those on the wharf had seen their plight. The alarm was out. They were launching a boat. Help was coming. Patsy looked ahead and then abruptly turned her back. The black rocks were sickeningly near. The roil was frothy, hideous.

Then something passed her. Angela! Angela staggering up from the cabin. She hadn't even a life preserver on. They shouted at her. But she ran past them, slipped and slid to the stern. The next moment she was standing up in the tossing boat. She was hurling something overboard. Skippy! Skippy was in the sea! Had she gone crazy? Patsy and Lynn reached her. Angela was clinging to the gunwale with one hand. In the other, she had something—a cord, a fine fishing line. It was slipping swiftly through her fingers, over the side, into the water. Skippy — Skippy wasn't in sight.

Angela fought them off. "Let me be!" she shouted above the storm. Then cries—faint cries borne by the storm from the wharf. The launched boat had swamped. And just then their own boat, powerless and helpless, righted itself and rode high. Skippy? Skippy was over there, on the top of a wave, paddling for dear life—toward shore. Skippy—Skippy was making it. Another shout. In the pitching, tossing boat, they waited tensely. The cabin cruiser rose again! Skippy had made it! They were lifting him out of the sea. Their eyes came back to Angela. Angela had made a loop of her thumb and first finger. The rope was running through it. It wasn't a cord now, it was a good-sized rope, and Angela's hand was bleeding

"Make it fast," she shouted. "Tie the end! Hurry!"

At last they understood. Skippy had taken a line ashore. A thin, fine line, but attached to it was a rope, a rope strong enough to hold the cruiser they were in. Their boat had stopped its terrible drive toward the rocks. They were safe to ride out the squall!

The storm passed on. The clouds broke. Sunlight again. Angela faced them.

"I know I shouldn't have done it. I was to keep Skippy all day. I can't ever belong to your Superfine Sextette. Oh, it was the only way to save us. But—I might—I might have drowned Skippy."

"Belong!" Lynn flung a loving arm around her. "Don't you know you've proved yourself, Angela? The superfinest of all the Sextette!"

Angela's face was glowing. "Truly?"

Patsy threw her a look of happy pride and admiration. Angela had been tried by the five of them, but—after all, it was they who had needed her.

Susan Says—

I LIKE classical music. It's spellbinding and powerful; unlike popular music it needs no words to express its thought. It's almost like a magic picture: one minute you hear the light strains of a dance in the strings, then the pomp and dignity of a royal court or a parade in the rolling of the drums and the clarion calls of the brasses or the muted whisperings of a coming storm in the woodwinds. Did you ever stop to really listen to them?

Don't get the idea that because I rave about the classics, I like nothing else. Not I follow the Hit Parade, Kay Kyser, and Harry James just as closely as anyone and enjoy them, too. But—I doubt if the writers of popular music will be well remembered two hundred years from now.

Time and war have always brought changes and always will, but I hope people in the years to come will recognize and enjoy the music of the true masters.—By MARIE HARGIS, aged 13, Ashton, Illinois.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A COLLIE LIKE THIS?

You'll never forget Lassie! She crossed a thousand miles of danger to find her master... in one of the most exciting stories you ever saw on the screen!

THRILLING SCENES YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

Lassie Escapes!
Imprisoned in the Duke's kennels, she flees to find freedom—and Joe!

A Fight For Life!
Wounded by shepherds—attacked by ferocious wild dogs—Lassie keeps forging on!

A Robbery Fails!
Highwaymen hold up Rowlie, who befriended Lassie—but she fights them off!

TELL DAD AND MOTHER ABOUT IT

LASSIE COME HOME

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR ADVENTURE

with RODDY McDOWALL · DONALD CRISP · DAME MAY WHITTY
EDMUND GWENN · NIGEL BRUCE · ELSA LANCHESTER · LASSIE · Produced by SAMUEL MARX
Directed by FRED M. WILCOX · Screen Play by Hugo Butler · Based Upon the Novel by Eric Knight

FALL MOVIES Taken Bar

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

EVEN though we've been seeing in films throughout the glorious summer, a new season is always greeted with fanfare because the producers release the big pictures they've saved up while we were on vacation from important vacation films. Here are pictures which will give first-night audiences plenty to talk about, which means you, for when it comes to the movies we are a nation of first-night fans, including the boys overseas who have choice seats in jeeps and tree tops.

1—We gave you three guesses as to who the peppy girl is on George Tobias' right in their merry dance from "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Did you guess it, of course, his other partner? Time's up—it's Olivia de Havilland! About forty other stars appear in TYLS, including Bette Davis, Eddie Cantor. (Warner)

2—During World War I Charles Coburn entertained New York and its thousands of entertaining soldiers with his playing of Old Bill in "The Better Ole." Now he has the whole country in stitches with every character he plays on the screen. He is an English lecturer in "My Kingdom for a Cook" and out-Monty Woolley, for he wears a monocle as well as a beard. (Col.)

3—Julien Duvivier, the French film director, and Charles Boyer, the actor, have both experienced so many strange coincidences which point to a supernatural force influencing human lives that they have made a film, "For All We Know," which dramatizes several such amazing happenings. Gloria Jean is a blind girl in one of the film's thrilling sequences. (Univ.)

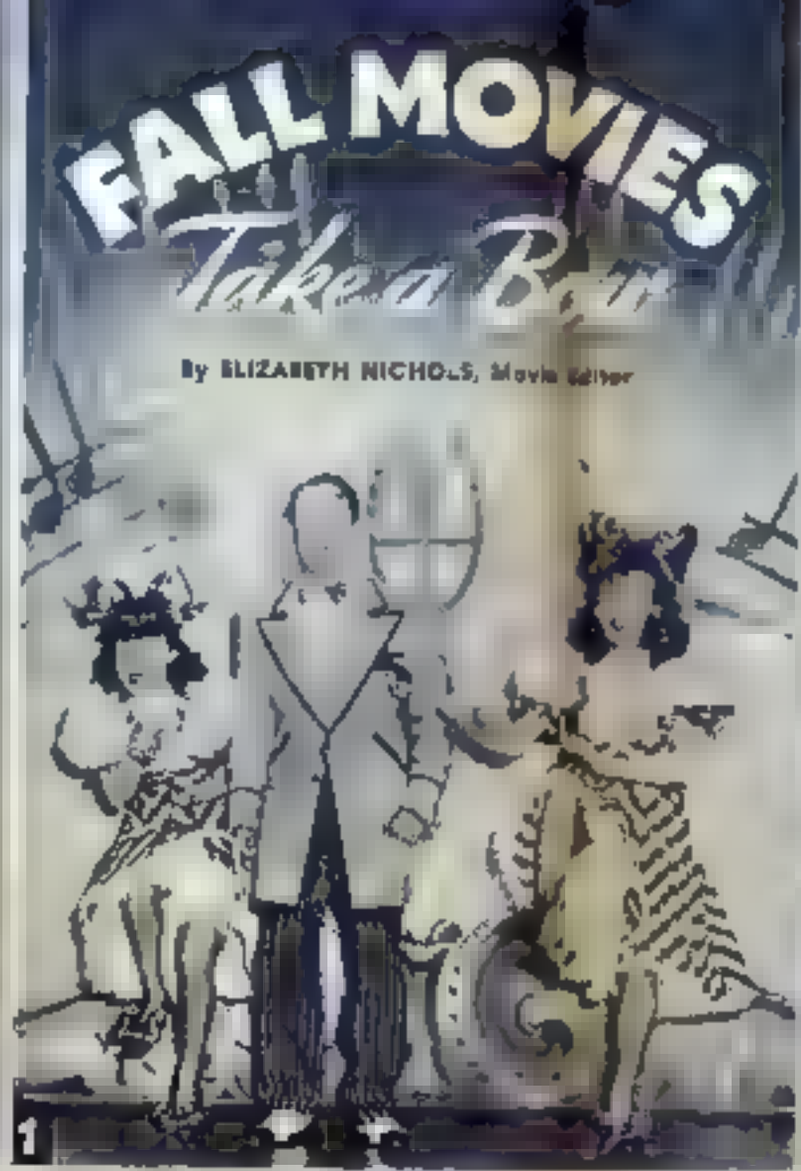
4—June Witkin has her first role in a real drama in "The North Star," a film about a Russian village behind the Nazi lines. The script was written by one of the foremost stage dramatists, Lillian Hellman, and will hold you entranced. (RKO)

5—In "A Guy Named Joe" Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne are both seen in an bomber, the 8th Ferry Command. Tracy decides it isn't going to the room where "pilots meet girls" after he has crash-landed a German ship. He watches over Irene until her time comes to give her a ride. (MGM)

6—Do you remember how in "Jane Eyre" Jane sat in the shadows when Mr. Rochester gave his fashionable parties? And how her heart ached—and yours? Well, you'll weep again, but, oh so pleasantly, when you see Joan Fontaine as Jane. (Fox)

7—A story about children at movie stars and the school they attend, "Nobody's Darling" star Mary Lee, who is cast as the neglected daughter of a glamour mother. (Republic)

8—Margaret O'Brien, who was so unforgettable in "Journey for Margaret," is "Little Miss Magic" all right, as the sparkling on chemistry in Martha Hunt James Craig. (MGM)



It's a BIG PICTURE

THAN LIFE ITSELF . .

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER BOY!

Long after the last sight has vanished your heart-stirring you'll remember this magnificent human story as one of the greatest emotional experiences you've ever known.

Ben Ames Williams' Heart-Stirring Story Surges Mightily to the Screen!

ONLY HER AMBITIONS AND DREAMS

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER

with

MABEL PAIGE

The unforgettable character actress

JOHN CRAVEN

DOROTHY MORRIS

CHARLES DUDLEY . . . JAMES DUNNAGAN

Original Story by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

It's a REPUBLIC PICTURE

Dinner is served!

Join the MACs! Your apron will be your uniform; your badge, the smiles of a well-fed family

By LETTIE GAY
Junior Housekeeping Editor

ARE you one of the subgrownups who finds it very hard to get a war job worthy of your ability? You can't knit *all* the time and, if you are just a beginning teenager, it seems a long, long trail before you can join the WACs, SPARS, WAVES, or Marines.

But, in the meantime, your family must eat! Sometimes that need for three meals a day seems an almost unsolvable problem to mothers who are trying to do volunteer war work. If you could constitute yourself a MAC (Mother's Afternoon-off Cook) and turn out one good dinner a week, you'd be doing war work and having a good time about it, too. For it is a real thrill, after you have done the planning and shopping for a meal, to announce to the family that "dinner is served."

Work out a timetable for yourself on paper. For instance, if dinner is to be served at 6:30, you will want to chart your time something like this:

Morning—Shop for supplies while they are fresh and available. Plan your menu according to what you can buy at reasonable prices and ration points. Here's the way you prepare the menu shown above.

Four-Thirty—Scrub the potatoes and rub skins lightly with a little bacon fat. Average-size potatoes bake in one hour at a moderate temperature.

Prepare the Apple Brown Betty so that it is ready to go into the oven at 5:45. We'll send you a recipe if you don't find one in your own cookbook.

Now shell the peas, leave one pod in the pot for sweetness, place them in a cool spot until time to cook.

Five-Twenty—Light the oven, regulate the heat to 350°, and at 5:30 put in the potatoes.

Now, for a 100 per cent job of setting the table. Remember, a good officer does her thinking several steps ahead.

Think fast, MAC! No dinner knives needed, because lamb patties are fork food. Dinner forks, butter spreaders and plates, dessert spoons and glassware at each place; serving spoons, forks, and hot-plate protectors (for hot serving dishes) at head of table. Dinner plates, serving platter, and vegetable dish all go close to stove to warm up comfortably — but never in the oven where they might crack or discolor. Arrange dessert plates or dishes on a side table in dining room with dessert serving spoon near-by.

Five-Forty-five—Time to put the Apple Brown Betty in the oven.

Six O'clock—Roll the potatoes over to make sure of even baking, but don't peer into oven frequently and waste the heat. Start heating about a pint of fresh water in tea kettle to have ready to cook peas. Arrange butter pats on serving plate and leave in refrigerator until last minute. Have milk and water pitchers ready for last-minute filling. Arrange bread for serving and cover with napkin to avoid drying out.

Six-Ten—Now is the time to cook the lamb patties and the peas. Peas take from 10 to 20 minutes, depending on how fresh they are. Bite one to find out. If it is tender and sweet, the peas will very likely cook in 10 minutes or less. Be careful not to overcook and lose both the nice color and the nice vitamins; and don't drown them in too much water. Pour on boiling water, just a little

less than enough to cover the peas, add a pinch of salt, cover, and regulate the cooking flame to keep the water gently boiling. After 10 minutes, test two or three peas by removing them from the pan to prick with a fork. If the fork goes through, the peas are done. Turn off the flame and drain off the cooking water immediately, add a little bit of butter, cover, and place the pan over the now unlighted but still hot burner where they cooked.

Lamb patties are at once the most precious (in ration points) part of your meal, and the easiest to cook, if you don't try to rush them. Use a heavy aluminum, heat-proof glass, or iron frying pan for the slow, even cooking which they require. Have the pan hot to start with, grease it lightly so the meat will not stick, put the patties in the frying pan and, at once, turn down the heat to a little less than half as high as you'd regulate it for boiling water. The trick to cooking any kind of meat is to heat it through, but slowly. With moderate heat, the lamb patties will brown evenly on one side in about 10 minutes; turn them over and let them brown on the other side. They are cooked, and at their best, when they are really hot clear through—and still juicy. When the pink juice begins to run out of them, they are done. Turn off cooking heat, sprinkle patties with salt and pepper and cover to keep meat warm until you are ready to serve.

Six-Thirty—Turn off the oven heat, remove potatoes to a serving dish. Squeeze—don't cut—potatoes to open slightly. Add salt and a dab of butter. Leave Brown Betty in oven to keep warm.

Serve lamb patties on a hot platter, dribble pan-drippings over them, surround with little piles of steamy, but not watery, peas, and you are ready for the finale: "Dinner is served."

For a leaflet describing how to prepare two different menus and giving recipes, together with recipe for Apple Brown Betty, send stamped, addressed envelope to Junior Housekeeping Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

LOOK! Our favorite stories from CALLING ALL GIRLS NOW ALL IN ONE BOOK!

HERE'S the book you've been wishing for . . . a special collection of stories from your favorite magazine, hand-picked by your Editor! Some you've read and loved; many will probably be new to you. Anyway, you will want to read them all over and over again, and you'll say in the words of the title that they are "Never To Be Forgotten." There are stories of romance and adventure, there's mystery, and fun, and lots about girls like yourself. Sheila John Daly, the popular 14-year-old author, wrote the foreword for the book, and it is frankly a rave notice! Sheila John says: "The book should have a permanent place on your shelf, not only to pick up and read for fun, but to use as a handbook of do's and don'ts for smart girls . . . a handbook that'll help make school, Coking, and everything else you do even *more* wonderful."

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Name.....

Address

City State

(*Continued from page 26*)

differences is one of the most important lessons in life. Mary and Jane's attitude is wise and we hope their parents will encourage them to make many friends, welcoming all opportunities for ever-widening human contacts as they grow older. We like to think that mothers and fathers in every American community want to be good neighbors—tolerant, appreciative, and friendly—as are many people of good will everywhere.

We feel that the kind of question Mary and Jane asked—repeated so often in our mail—is a very important one for all young people to think about.

The other day I wanted to go to the show and see a very good picture. I couldn't go on Sunday so my mother said I could go on Monday night. When Monday night came she said she was too tired, that I could go on Tuesday night. When Tuesday night came she said I could not go. I think she broke her word to me. What should I do?—Eleanor L., aged 14, California.

YES, promises *are* serious and most of us do try to live up to them. Sometimes, it is true, grownups make promises somewhat hastily, really intending to keep their word, but certain things happen in the meantime to force a change of plan.

It is not a good idea to make many promises long in advance because one cannot always look ahead and foresee what may happen to interfere. When promises are made it helps to be told ahead of time that there are a couple of "ifs" involved. For instance, a mother might say to her daughter, "If the weather is fine day after tomorrow we'll go for a picnic lunch." Then if it pours on the appointed day, the daughter could find comfort in remembering about that "if"!

Most adults realize that promises are just as serious when made to younger people as when they are made among themselves. Very few parents really mean to disappoint or deceive their children. They realize, too, that keeping promises works both ways; and if they want their sons and daughters to take their own pledges seriously then they, the parents, must also be absolutely dependable in carrying out their promises.

We must remember that there are times when a perfectly honest intention just cannot be carried out. In such cases one must learn to accept and understand. A mother might promise her daughter a birthday party for the very day when a measles rash appears! Good faith and a sense of humor are needed on both sides. All people of integrity agree that promises are important.

I am a teacher's pet but I don't like it as our gang likes to get their lessons but thinks that if you are the teacher's pet you are too studious. Since I'm up for a scholarship award, I don't want to get in bad with my teacher but I don't want to be her pet either. Please tell me what I can do about this?—Regena M., aged 13, California.

TO WIN the confidence and respect of a teacher—for honest effort and good work—is something any pupil would enjoy. But it is true that sometimes there's the problem that other pupils may feel too much attention is being given to some one student. Some educators are puzzled now and then as to just how much praise and encouragement should be given to a very successful member of a class without giving the impression that he or she is being singled out and has become "teacher's pet."

But Regena is certainly smart enough not to get her head turned or to use her school successes to set her apart from her friends whose comradeship and good will she so much wants to earn and keep. She is eager to contribute all she can to the class, as a student and also as a friend.

It should be helpful to her to look for things to enjoy and appreciate in the other girls and boys, to be of service to them whenever she can, to be such a really "good sport" that the fact that she also happens to be very capable only adds to others' delight in her.

Regena is wise in sensing that just being studious is not all there is to learning. Her teacher surely wants her to have outside interests, to share her comrades' experiences, to have home responsibilities, to enjoy her family, to read, to play. And she should have time, too, to do full justice to her intelligence and to make the most of her talents, so that she may compete for that scholarship. An all-around student is one who not only does the assigned lessons faithfully and well and to the teacher's satisfaction, but who also keeps in touch with extra-curricular activities, and has many satisfying relationships with friends. There is less risk in such a girl's being thought of as "teacher's pet," for she will be liked by young and old alike for what she is and for what she does, too.

Things To Look Forward To In

CALLING ALL GIRLS

ALL FOR ONE

That was the discovery of these girls and boys of Canada's Gaspé when they got mixed up with a submarine.

TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR PARENTS

Parents are people, too. How well do you understand yours?

REPORTER AT WAR

The true adventures of a girl foreign correspondent in war-torn countries.

And many more fine features of fun, fact, and fiction.

I AM A REFUGEE

(*Continued from page 17*)

generosity and good fellowship of American girls and boys. Finally, I even mastered slang which was a puzzle to me long after I learned English!

Later we came to New York City. When I entered the New York public school it seemed much harder at first than the small-town school. But before long I started having fun. I made friends of my age and my marks kept getting better and when I got to 8B my teacher recommended me for a scholarship prize. I felt very grateful to her for recommending me, but I really did not think I would get it. I thought there must be lots of kids who deserved it far more than I. When I told my German friend she said, "I don't want to disappoint you, but I really don't think they would give $150 to a German refugee."

Two days before my graduation my teacher came up to my seat with huge strides. She took my head between her hands and gave me a kiss right in front of the class. I was so astonished I didn't know what to think at all. Suddenly it dawned on me! The principal, standing by the door with a grin on his face, said, "I want you to prepare yourself for a shock." I, a German refugee, had won the prize!

That prize proved to me the wonderful sense of justice and equality that rules America. Not only had America provided a home for me where nobody asked whether I was Jewish and nobody asked whether I was German, but it had also helped me to make true my life's ambition. I have always loved to draw and I spend most of my spare time sketching, because someday I would like to be a fashion designer. I am now going to the High School of Music and Art, and when I graduate from there I am going to use the scholarship money toward my art education. I'll just *have* to make good, if it is only to repay America.

Know How to Stay on the Social Beam?

YOU can be part of *every* party—even on "trying days"! It's an art you learn in the sharp new booklet, "As One Girl To Another". This booklet helps you with "calendar" problems; teaches you the vital P's and Q's of social contacts. For example, when to join in the jive . . . sit out a number . . . wait for the waltzes.

And that's not all! "As One Girl To Another" gives the lowdown on sports, bathing, good grooming—all the intimate do's and don't's you really *need* to know.

Be sure to send for *your* free copy! *Quick*—fill in your name and address in the coupon below, and rush to the mail box! *Right now* isn't a minute too soon to order "As One Girl To Another". (You'll see!) And don't forget—it's FREE.

FREE! Write in your name and address and mail to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. CG-11, Chicago 54, Ill. A copy of "As One Girl To Another" will be sent postpaid and free.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Make that welcome Sing!

You can make yours the house that everyone loves to visit if you are the kind of hostess who puts her guests at ease

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don'ts

"COME oft to the house of thy friends, lest weeds grow in the door." The words of the little sampler were cross-stitched in gay reds and greens and blues to catch the eye of every visitor who stepped across the threshold. And, like the welcome mat that spread outside the door, they were a symbol of the warmth of that home.

Have you ever stopped to think how a visitor feels when he walks into your home? Is the welcome mat out?

You hear so much about entertaining and about being a good hostess that inviting friends to your home can almost become a chore, and the unexpected guest is about as welcome as the seventeen-year locusts. Yet in that home of the welcome mat and the sampler there was rarely any formal entertaining and no one ever thought of herself as a hostess. No caterer ever saw that sampler and the people who lived there would have hooted at the idea of paid entertainers. Yet the house was always full of friends and of memories of good times shared.

There wasn't any magic that made friends turn gladly to that doorway. And if you'd asked the family who lived in the house what was the secret of their success, they probably would have looked at you in amazement. You see, they liked people and they knew that friendship was one of life's biggest treats and so they welcomed visitors from the heart. That was the secret. Usually refreshments were no more than cookies and milk, and the entertainment was just everybody singing and playing the piano or playing charades, but the feeling of hospitality in that home gave refreshments a different flavor, and games added zip, and friendship a special meaning.

Friends drop in, and whether they drop in at your invitation or unexpectedly, it doesn't much matter. Just stop worrying about yourself and concentrate on your guests. And if you find you can't stop thinking about yourself, well just remember how you feel when you are a guest and you'll be set. Let your smile and the tone of your voice pinch-hit for the welcome mat and the sampler. Make it easy for your visitor to shed wraps and freshen up. And see to it that the newcomer has met everyone who is present. A trick of a smart hostess is to help launch a conversation between strangers before she leaves them to convoy another newcomer. And the eagle-eyed hostess sees to it that no one is ever left forlornly in a corner, that little cliques don't gather here and there to jell for the evening, and that the conversation never excludes all but a few who have shared certain experiences. That's

why, if it's a planned party, the clever hostess starts the festivities with a game or a dance that draws in everyone and breaks down reserve

Apologizing about what you have to offer is definitely out. If your guests are expected, you will have done your best with what you have beforehand. If your guests drop out of the blue, they can't expect everything to be just right. Your home is your castle. You are part of it and it is part of you and whether home means a tiny apartment or a rambling old farmhouse, be quietly proud of it and your guests will reflect your pride. But if your cheese soufflé just refused to soufflé, instead of sitting in a fog of misery and self-consciousness, tell about it humorously and you'll find your friends laughing so heartily they'll eat right through. You can make embarrassing moments grist for your mill if you treat them lightly. After all, friends have come to relax and have fun—not to take you apart. But if you should have guests who arrive with a gleam in the eye that dares you to please, accept their challenge and send them off in a different frame of mind. No matter how critical others may be, you as hostess must be uncritical. You must defer to the comfort and wishes of those you have invited to your home. And if a guest gets destructive or out of line, without losing your disposition you can suggest different tactics or steer the activity into safer channels.

If you are having a good time yourself and it is evident, you will set the pace. Because a hostess who is pleasant, at ease, and obviously enjoying her guests gives their spirits a lift.

You only embarrass your guests if you try to impress them. Putting on airs or making a production out of a get-together condemns it from the start. You'll find the evening dying on your hands. It's a lot easier and a lot more comfortable to be natural. And you'll give yourself a break if you practice entertaining simply and on a small scale and build up gradually to the works. You can press your family into service if you go about it in a spirit of cooperation, and you'll be amazed at how easily parents and brothers and sisters can lift you over the rough spots. A lot of words have been thrown around about the value of learning the hard way—the trial and error way. Sometimes experience is the best teacher, but as far as entertaining is concerned, it's just not very bright to ignore the suggestions of more experienced people. Why repeat the mistakes that taught them to know better?

When other members of your family entertain, in a sense you are a hostess, too. So it's your job to be as helpful as you can according to the occasion. For instance, when you have your gang in, you don't enjoy too many grownups, too much in evidence. Turn about is fair play. If older sisters and brothers or your parents entertain, offer your services and then make yourself scarce. You're about as out of place in a sedate rubber of bridge as Grandmother would be in a jam session. Learn the trick of disappearing gracefully at the right moment.

But courtesy to guests of your family is an unwritten law. Mother may be entertaining the Parent-Teacher Association or the Red Cross. You might greet them at the door, dispose of their wraps, and help serve refreshments. But snooping is no fair, and don't cramp their style by being too much in the picture.

And even if Mother's friends do insist on cooing, "My, how you've grown!" or your sister's boy-friends get heavily playful with a run-along-and-play-with-your-dolls routine, grin and bear it. They are in your home and you are a hostess.

You aren't born a good hostess. You learn to be one. So cheer up and learn the tricks that will make you the kind of person your friends love to visit and that will make your parties blue-ribbon occasions.

GOOD-BYE

By IRENE PERLOW

Twelve Years Old

JUST another sister saying good-bye to another brother. He never kissed you in years, never. He kissed Mother, then you, said to be good, then walked out of the house. You went right on reading the paper. There was a lump in your throat, but you didn't cry. Mother sniffed, pretended to be busy. Later you went out for a walk. The wind felt good going through your hair. And you thought of all the little things he'd done and you didn't appreciate. The movies he'd taken you to, and he took you to your first circus and your first baseball game. And always he teased you. Ever since you were a baby you said, "I hate you, don't ever talk to me."

Still walking, you were back at the house. Then you thought, "I'm just another sister saying good-bye to another brother."

BOMBED!

By JACQUELINE KEEFE

Thirteen Years Old

MOTHER looked up from her magazine. Evidently we had both heard the same thing—the air-raid siren. Suddenly the air was filled with the sound of what seemed to be hundreds of airplanes, and anti-aircraft fire. We jumped to our feet with one accord to turn out the lights. A bomb! "It can't be," I kept repeating to myself. I leaned against the wall, feeling weak. "They've come!" I thought. "Mother," I said in a shaky voice, "the kitchen light." I ran to her, not wanting to be alone in the dark bedroom. Then, all was still again. Mother and I were puzzled, but then I laughed shakily and said, "It must have been Mrs. H——'s radio downstairs." We both sank into the nearest chairs with a sigh of relief. But I know, now, how I would feel in a *real* air raid.

MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

(*Continued from page 23*)

spells out the message?" She paused and looked speculatively at Jill. "I've heard of codes like that."

Jill tried it, writing, "e-e-a-b." Then she stopped and shook her head.

"That can't be a word, even in a foreign language. We'll have to try another method." She squinted at the problem, chewing the end of her pencil. "Let's see—if you took the third letter it would spell . . ." She wrote, "eetelueea." "No, that's not it either."

After trying the first, second, third, and fourth letters in each word, Jill decided they were not on the track. "Because 'emee' has only four letters to it. Must be something else." She ran her fingers through her hair wearily. "The Spooks are good at riddles, too. If it weren't for this red crayon, I'd think somebody else wrote it. But it's the same color they use."

Babs stretched sleepily and shook her head over the paper. "It's hopeless. I wonder how it sounds." She began to read out loud, slowly, in syllables, "Em-ee-ee-tea em-ee ay-tea bee-eye-are—"

It did not sound as senseless as Jill had expected. Suddenly she sat up, all tiredness had disappeared. Babs wasn't reading syllables, she was reading letters!

"Babs, you've done it!" she cried excitedly. "Oh, why didn't we think of it sooner?"

"Think of what?" Babs asked, mystified. "What have I done?"

"Don't you see?" Jill could hardly contain herself. "All we had to do was read it out loud. Then the whole thing became obvious because the letters are all spelled; that's why there are so many vowels. Look—em spells M and ee spells E. It's so simple now."

Without losing any more time, the girls went to work.

(*To be continued*)

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Jabberwocky and JIVE

What slanguage do you speak? Our spies report that military terms are G.I. for the high school crowd these days, and here are some of the latest:

Bomber . . . A girl who's terrific
Squadron . . . The Gang
Attack . . . . Ask for a date
Let's up anchor . . . Let's leave
Khaki Wacky. A girl who likes soldiers
Shove off, Sailor, I'm convoying this ship . . . May I cut in?
Private Tizzytop asks if a Plane Jane is a gal who goes for the Air Force

THREE-QUARTER TIME

AFTER a year of jitterbugging, boogie, jiving, and such, a wave of waltzing is sweeping through the country. "It's dreamy, it's swoony, it's out-of-this-world," say the teens. There's a rush for sweet waltz recordings, they tell us, and the juke boxes are giving out with "The Blue Danube" instead of "Mr. Five-by-Five." If your crowd isn't waltz-woozy yet, why not give your next get-together in three-quarter time and start a new fad? Once you've tried it, you'll be saying.

"No more Lindy, no more Jive,
No more Boogie Five-by-Five,
No more hop or Conga line,
It's three quarter time for mine!

"Swoop and dip, then glide and whirl,
Every Cat's a Glama Girl,
Swoon it, croon it—it's sublime,
Waltzing to three-quarter time!"

Have you caught up with those waxes of Dick Haymes with the positively geetchy choral accompaniment of the Song Spinners? When that Haymes gives out with top-pop numbers like "In My Arms," "I Never Mention Your Name," and "You'll Never Know," he's definitely a heart-throberoo. These all-vocals are something new and pretty special in platter technique and you're going to be hearing a lot of them.

COME ON, CORNY, LET'S POP!

AND what could be cornier, fresher off the cob, than your Little Moron stories? In spite of a new trend toward military jokes and Gremlin stories, the Little Moron still tops 'em all as the favorite. Here are some new ones to add to your collection. Do you know about the Little Moron who:

Kept scissors in his mouth all day because he was cutting wisdom teeth?
Slept with his watch under his pillow so he would wake up on time?
Wore pumps on his feet because he had water on the knee?
Put a blotter up to his ear so he could hear the Ink Spots?
Wouldn't keep his watch upstairs because he was afraid it would run down.
Planted shoe trees in his Victory garden because he heard that shoes were being rationed?

JENNIE JABBERWOCKY SAYS:

THERE'S a Slick Chick who doesn't need Dazzle Dust and Pucker Paint to make herself more Dicty! She has a Drape Shape and a Glamour Puss and she's definitely Burnt to Crisp. All the Wolves give her the old C.O.D., but she and her Flutterbump always Cut a Rug until they're Pranced to a Pooh. She'd be a Cold Cut at a Platter Dance, though, if she Gushed Goo and Did a Dizzy like a Feather Doll.

Translation: There's a pretty girl who doesn't need powder and paint to make herself more attractive. She has a good figure and a pretty face and she's quite up to the minute about everything. All the attractive boys say "Come over, dear," but she and her favorite boy-friend always dance until they are out of breath. Even she would be a wallflower at a party, though, if she talked nonsense and pulled a boner like a silly girl.

JUST FOR FUN

'Tenshun!

How do you like this nit-witticism? You *should* like it—we heard it from you!

Sergeant: Why didn't you obey orders when I said "Company, halt!"

Rookie: I've been here three weeks, so I didn't think I was company any more.

Want to share your jokes and jabberwocky with other readers of CALLING ALL GIRLS? Send along the gags and expressions that are getting the biggest play in your crowd . . . maybe you'll see them in print. Address, Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Fresh air and a brisk walk are magic ingredients that will wake up a sluggish system.

How DEEP *is* SKIN-DEEP?

A clear complexion glowing with health can make the plainest girl pretty. Here is the inside story on how to achieve one

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

GIRLS used to be told that beauty is only skin deep. If they were pretty this was to keep them from becoming vain. If they were plain it was supposed to be a consolation. Now we know there isn't a word of truth in the old adage. In the first place, girls don't need such "sour grapes" advice, for today almost any girl can be attractive if she follows the rules for health and good grooming. And in the second place, since the skin depends on the blood stream to keep it fresh and lovely, skin deep isn't shallow at all, but is really as deep as your every drop of blood.

There are a lot of other false notions about the skin, so suppose we dispose of a few of them. For only if you become better acquainted with your skin will you understand why it wants you to do certain things daily for its care and comfort, and why it says "Please don't" about others.

First, your skin works very, very hard. It is, in fact, far too busy helping rid the body of waste matter to worry about how it looks. It leaves that up to you! Also it is constantly casting off dead cells and providing a fresh layer so that you don't have to keep the same old skin year after year.

Then, instead of being just a covering, the true skin, which lies below the surface of the outer layer, is an organ with a mechanism as complicated as that of a watch. And just as the fine works of a watch must be kept clean if the watch is to run satisfactorily, so the skin can't do its work (and, of course, won't look its best) unless it is thoroughly clean.

Now there are two kinds of soiling with which the skin has to contend. You are, of course, familiar with the dirt and soot and carbon monoxide (what the bus leaves in its wake) which your face picks up during the day. The other is waste matter from the body secreted through the sweat glands. There is still another threat to a clean skin and it, too, comes from within. It starts out, however, being a beneficial lubricant which the oil glands secrete to keep your skin soft so it won't harden like leather. But if the

Water, water everywhere and she's smart enough to drink quantities of it. She has a lot to learn about her posture though.

oil is deposited in pores that are clogged with dirt, it is apt to dry up and blackheads and pimples follow.

So you can readily see that the first step in having a beautiful skin is to keep the pores clean and open, in order that the sweat and oil glands can function properly. Now just as most of the soil on your face comes from inside your body, so your cleansing must start from within. Water is as important for this internal cleansing as it is for washing. Drink it by the glassful, not just in little sips, six or eight times a day between meals.

Then, like all busy workers, your skin needs encouragement to stay on the job. The best pepper-upper you can give it are those stimulating food particles known as vitamins. They, along with fresh air and exercise, keep the blood dancing along like a little brook in a meadow, saying to the skin, "Do your work, don't loaf—look fresh, look alive!" It is popular nowadays to believe in Gremlins, little imps which clog up motors and radios and put guns out of action. Vitamins are just the opposite of Gremlins — they help keep system functioning smoothly.

Most of you already know as much about the value of vitamins and the foods which supply them as the average doctor knew twenty-five years ago, but to refresh your memory—be sure to eat plenty of fresh, green vegetables, both raw and cooked; eat fruit at least twice a day, especially oranges; drink lots of milk and eat a whole-wheat cereal every day. You need meat and eggs and sweets, too, but you'll probably eat those without being reminded!

So far we have mentioned water to help with the internal bath and vitamins to pep up the blood. In addition you need exercise, fresh air, and sunshine to aid in keeping your skin clean from the inside. The exercise does two things for the skin—it makes you perspire, thus speeding up the removal of waste through the sweat glands, and it adds to your general sense of well-being. And when you feel tops "something extra" is added to your skin, a glow that poets and ad writers rave about.

Fresh air, like water, is an internal cleanser. So start the day, and end it, with a deep-breathing exercise before an open window. When you breathe out, along come poisons the body must get rid of. If you are a shallow breather, never giving your lungs a good air bath, this leaves a lot more work for the skin The same is true if other organs of elimination are allowed to grow lazy. And an overworked skin lacks that cool loveliness, that look of not having a care in the world, which is so becoming.

Then there's sunshine. There's more to a sunbeam than meets the eye, and the effect of the sun's rays on the skin is much more than just providing you with a nice, outdoorsy tan. By the magic of body chemistry certain elements of the sun's rays shining on the skin make vitamin D, just as great trees are fed by the sun shining on the green surface of their leaves. That, in fact, is the reason trees grow leaves as nets to catch their food from the sun, not just to create shade for our comfort. We, too, need the special food the sun supplies and the skin acts as our net. This doesn't mean, however, that you should cook your skin by exposing it overlong to the sun, but it does mean that a certain amount of your time should be spent outdoors where the sun can get at you. Sun baths in moderation are fine, but a game of tennis, a swim, or a hike will give you exercise and sunshine at the same time. And two birds with one stone are especially worth trying for in these busy days.

We come to the outside of your skin just as our space gives out. Later we'll take up surface care of the skin.

JOAN CARROLL
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GIRLS DON'T LIKE JEEPS

(*Continued from page* 14)

before, when Daddy was sick—Bill's been right-hand man for us."

"Bill's okay," Joey said.

"That's why I worked so hard," Peggy was wound up now. "I felt so sorry when Bill got sick. I did work hard, believe me. Took care of babies and washed dishes, and worked at the Bon Ton on Saturdays. And I earned—well, a little more than Sylvia."

Someone turned around and hissed, "Pipe down," and Peggy and Joey grinned and shrugged Then Joey whispered, "They've come to our row."

Peggy fingered her glasses, and brushed back her hair. She was still high, but there were others to be reckoned with. She peered down the row. There were the Carlson twins, but they spent all their time studying. And the two other girls worked in the cafeteria for their meals so they couldn't earn much extra for stamps.

Then Mr. Ryan was saying, "Just a minute. Miss Dalton is adding the figures. We'll get some idea of where we stand."

Peggy twisted in her seat, a jittery little heap of red corduroy. Why didn't they hurry?

"Yes—that's right," Mr. Ryan cried. "We have over nine hundred dollars in stamps and bonds bought already. The jeep is paid for." He consulted his watch while the shouts and whistles charged the air, then he motioned for silence. "It's four-thirty. As long as we have the jeep paid for, suppose we just ask if anyone has more to turn in than Sylvia's pledge. And let me say, I'm proud of all of you. And our Mr. Farrell—er, Lieutenant Farrell—is going to feel mighty good when you take the news to him. I knew you would do it. Now, if there is someone else who deserves the ride, speak up."

Peggy grabbed her purse from her lap and started to rise.

Bill's whoop left no doubt, and then he jumped over the seats to reach Joey and Peggy.

But Joey was ahead of her. He angled his body around and adjusted his crutches and stood up.

"Why, Joey!" Peggy gasped. "You . . ."

"Oh, there's Joey Hansen," Mr. Ryan said. "What is it Joey?"

Joey shouted, "Thirty dollars worth." He waved a bond and a stamp book frantically, then worked himself back into his seat.

Peggy nudged him. "Joey, how did you ever . . ." Blushes crimsoned her face; that was a mean thing to say. "I mean—Joey, this is swell. I hope you win."

"No such luck."

But his eyes told what this meant to him. Those dreams Peggy had seen there were stars now, stars with little wagons attached to them. There were strange, deep longings riding in those wagons. Peggy felt queer some place down under her striped blouse.

The walls of the auditorium strained with noise. Peggy came to with a start. She jumped up and down and waved her purse over her head. And between jumps she clutched Joey's sleeve.

"Joey! Joey! How did you do it?"

"Easy," he shrugged. "When I was in the hospital they taught me wood carving. George Farrell was one of the instructors who came in on Saturdays. I made a big plaque for the Woman's Club and they paid me thirty dollars for it. Boy! I thought I'd never get it done. But I did."

"Oh, Joey, that's wonderful." She patted Joey's arm and shouted, "Yeah, Joey!" Then she turned to wave at Bill. He waggled his fingers at her. How could she have forgotten? Yet, for a few minutes, she forgot her determination to win the ride for him. And it was her turn now. The clapping was dying down.

Peggy glanced at Joey. He

was leaning forward, his fingers tapping his crutch, his anxious eyes scanning the auditorium. Peggy started to get up, then sat down, then started to get up again. Joey gave her a little push.

"Go on,". he said. "I bet you've got more."

Peggy looked right into his eyes, but the dreams weren't there. There was only a clear, deep generosity, a sincere wish for the best man to win. She shook her head and slumped back into her seat.

Joey leaned close. "I—see, I'd like to win. Course I want the jeep ride. Who doesn't?" His eyes begged her to understand, "Well—nobody knows what George Farrell did for me—how he came to my house evenings and gave me massages, and stuff like that, so I could come to school. I'd sure like to show him that Cedar Hill High is back of him and the Army. And let him know that I'm trying to help. I'd like to see George again." His voice trailed away.

Peggy pushed her purse under her arm. Her voice was a little husky.

"Sure, Joey. You'll see him."

"If there's no one else, Joey Hansen is high man," Mr. Ryan called.

Joey turned to Peggy. "Don't care, Peggy. You can go with me."

Peggy came all alive. "Me, Joey? Really? Oh, no. You've someone else you'd rather take."

"No. Honest, Peggy."

"That's wonder . . ." Peggy bit the word in two. Wonderful, was it? For her to go, and not Bill? She screwed up her face thoughtfully.

"What's the matter, Peggy?" Joey shouted amidst the confusion in the room. "Afraid to ride in a jeep?"

"I . . ." Suddenly riding in a jeep seemed a trifling thing compared with the fact they had earned enough to buy one. That is, to her. It was different with Bill and Joey. "If you don't mind, Joey, the seats are so hard. And you know how the wind messes a girl's hair."

"Heck, that's right. If I were a girl I wouldn't ride in a jeep."

"Ask a—a boy," Peggy smiled. "Oh, Mr. Ryan's calling you."

"Yes, sir?" Joey called.

"Whom are you taking to Fort Loos with you, Joey? Be sure and give Mr.—er, Lieutenant Farrell our best wishes."

"Yes, sir."

Every head in the auditorium was turned so they could see Joey, but not one could be in more of a whirl than Peggy's. But Joey was slow making a decision. He scratched his head, grinned a little, then glanced at Peggy. "Well, Bill Martin, I guess. If he wants to go with me."

The whoop that came from three rows behind left no doubt about that. Bill jumped over the seats and grabbed Joey's hand.

"Hey, Joey, you're a pal! Gee, how can I thank you? Oh boy! What a break!" Then he looked down at Peggy. His grin faded. "Oh, I'm a heel. Why don't you take Peggy? She worked for it."

Joey winked at Peggy. "Girls don't like jeeps."

"That's right," Peggy sighed. "Why, Bill, I'd positively blow to pieces in a jeep."

There was a crowd around now, shaking hands with Joey and slapping Bill on the back.

Peggy said to Bill, "Wait outside for me? Same place?"

"Okay," he shouted.

She sighed as she walked slowly to her locker. Bill and Joey—the two swellest kids in school. Then she smiled. They'd never know that she was a winner, too. Perhaps those two hard-earned bonds resting in her purse would buy some supplies for Daddy, out at sea.

Cedar Hill High School Bought Its JEEP!

PEGGY and JOEY and all the other students realized that "the Army needs jeeps and we need the Army." They worked hard to earn extra money to turn into War Stamps and Bonds. HOW ARE YOU DOING? Invest your nickels and dimes to help buy guns and ammunition and jeeps!

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Some odds and ends
Plus imagination
Make a new accessory
A real sensation

Gadgets for Girls

In the Bag—The next time you make a dress, get a little extra material and make a purse to match. You will need a piece of material about 18 inches long and 6 inches wide. Fold the material in half, sew up the sides, hem the top, run a cord through the hem, and you will have one of those new drawstring purses. If your dress has two colors in it, make the front of the bag one color and the back the other. Very smart.—*Astrid Nilsson, Kitchener, Ont.* Make a miniature drawstring bag to match and use it inside your bigger drawstring bag as a change purse or make-up kit.—*Norma Miller, Stratford, Conn.*

Neat Tricks—In order to keep your ribbons from raveling at the edges, simply apply colorless nail polish.—*Martha Morris, Connellsville, Pa.* If you have trouble keeping your bureau drawers tidy, here is what you can do. Cut some stiff cardboard into pieces the size of the depth and width of the drawers. Place them in the drawers so as to make separate compartments for your slips, socks, blouses, and whatnots. Your bureau will look even neater if you cover the partitions with gaily-colored wallpaper.—*Jean Langdon, Toronto, Ont.*

$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Top It Off—You have seen many a ribbon on a comb for your hair but why not put your favorite pin or gadget on a comb? Close the pin and then slide it up on the teeth of the comb. It makes quite a decoration for your hair.—*Silvia Walker, Austin, Tex.* If you have trouble anchoring your knitted or crocheted beanies, here's a way to make just perfect hatpins for them. Use bone hairpins decorated with bows or wrapped with matching yarn. They look very neat.—*Betty Sue Landrum, Petrolia, Tex.*

Pretty as a Picture—An old picture frame can be used as a gay serving tray. Make a patchwork sampler—perhaps of material from discarded but once-favorite dresses. Glue the sampler onto a piece of heavy cardboard cut to fit the frame. Make sure it is taut and smooth. Then slip it into the frame just like a picture. The tray would make a nice present for your mother.—*Dolores Pfeffer, Beaver Falls, Pa.* If you have a wallpaper sample book, you have a gold mine of paper-doll clothes. Design your own styles and cut them out of the wallpaper. They are more realistic and original because of the designs.—*Evelyn Gotcher, Fayetteville, Tenn.*

All Is Not Gold That Glitters—How would you like a necklace and bracelet of gold nuggets? You can make one out of chick peas. Soak a handful of peas until they can be pricked with a needle. Then string them to make a necklace and bracelet. After they are thoroughly dry, dip the necklace and bracelet into three baths as follows: clear shellac, liquid gold paint, and shellac again. Let them dry completely between each bath. Your "gold" necklace and bracelet make rich additions to dress up any outfit, old or new.—*Millie Salway, Medicine Hat, Alta.*

Miss Coroteen says:

Hi girls! Want to start a new scribble fad? Plenty snaggy. Collect friendship links... sterling silver "scribble togs" of boy friends, girl friends, family's initials, to wear on your wrist.

JUST ONE LOVELY STERLING SILVER LINK STARTS IT . . . only 25c each
INITIALED FREE

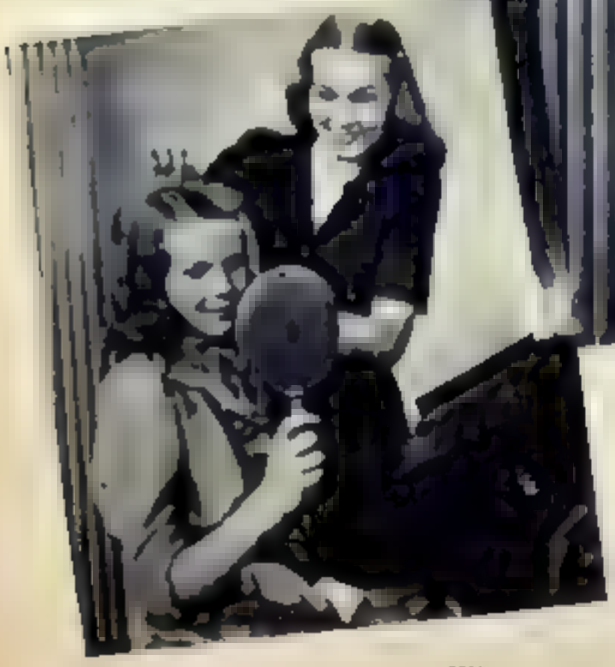
Wear it on a chain or velvet ribbon to start. Then the boy friends, girl friends, mother, dad and the family add more links, with their initials . . . until it's complete. And listen to what you get "for free" . . . when you've collected enough links to form a complete bracelet, it will be joined with sterling silver connecting links . . . no charge. The sterling silver clasp for completing the bracelet costs only 35 cents. And then, will you have something to hold . . . to keep forever! What a sweet memento! So many beautiful designs to choose from. Start your first Friendship Bracelet now . . . and see how many bracelets you can collect! Show the world how popular you are!

Coro Inc. 47 WEST 34th ST. NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

COVER GIRL GLAMOUR for your FIRST DATE

WE ASKED Pat Boyd, lovely Conover Cover Girl, to help us dress Hi-Style Scout Mabel McCracken of Staten Island, N. Y., for her first date. Above, from left to right, Pat with Mabel and your fashion editor, Nancy Pepper, selecting the right dress in the manufacturer's New York showroom. Below, Pat shows Mabel some tricks of the modeling trade at the Fifth Avenue photography studio of William Ward. Soap-and-water slickness, smoothly brushed hair, and simple clothes with good lines and becoming colors are Pat's recommendations for Cover Girl Glamour. Let's all try them!



What do you think of fourteen-year-old Hi-Style Scout Mabel McCracken now? Pat Boyd picked a blue rayon crepe for her (lovely with her reddish hair) with self ruffles, stitched-in plaid effect, set-in waistband, and dirndl skirt. In rose, aqua, and red, too. Petiteen fashion, about $8 at most of the stores listed on page 45. If your city is not listed, write for name of nearest store.

IT'S AN OPEN SECRET

Everybody knows many things people do to "improve" their teen-age skins only make them worse. Picking at a pesky surface pimple or minor blotch—that's *bad*. Coat each pimple with Poslam instead. Girls can powder right over Poslam; boys can leave it on overnight. Through two generations, Poslam's soothing MEDICATION has brought prompt, joyful relief to thousands, on doctors' recommendations. Only 50¢, at druggists. *FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 11-K, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. C.*

POSLAM

Look for the fashions O.K.'ed by CALLING ALL GIRLS (or similar fashions) in the teen departments of the stores listed below:

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Binghamton, N. Y.	Hall, McLean & Haskins
Boise, Idaho	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
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Toledo, Ohio	Lion Dry Goods Co.
Toronto, Canada	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Utica, N. Y.	Berger's Dept. Store
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SHOWS HOW TO MAKE 70 BEAUTIFUL GIFTS

● See all the charming things for year-round giving you can make from odds and ends, scraps, remnants . . . all inexpensive, easy to make. Complete directions, delightful illustrations. Use coupon.

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- Bags for knitting, sewing, beach
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- Bridge Sets
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- Cocktail napkins
- Crochet jewelry
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- Guest towels
- Hot plate mats
- Kerchief
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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send me RI SH the 36-page book, "Gifts you can sew" No. S-11

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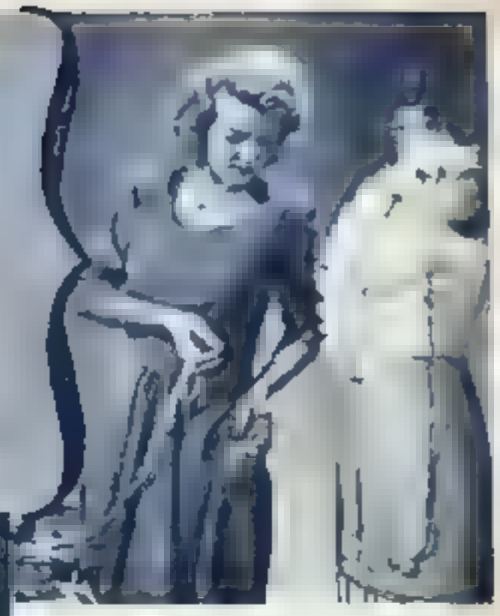
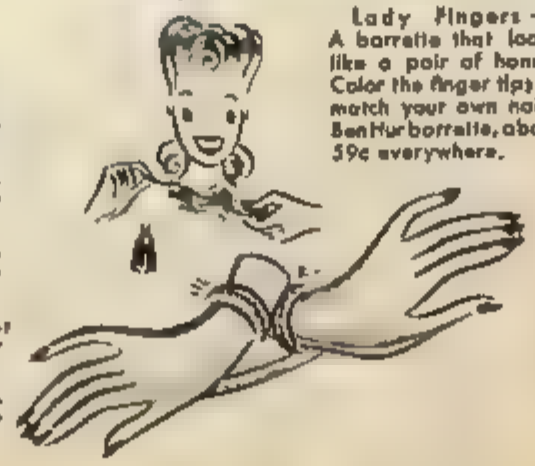


REMEMBER how we trimmed up some sweaters with felt appliqués in our September issue? Well, you liked the idea so much that we're showing you how to trim your new date dress (or to re-trim your old ones) with the same Redy-Cut felt flowers, all cut out and packaged for you to sew on. Priced from 29c per package at dime stores and department stores.

Basic date dress, Advance Pattern #3398. Sizes 9 to 17. Costs 25c at your local dealer or send cash to Fashion Dept., CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

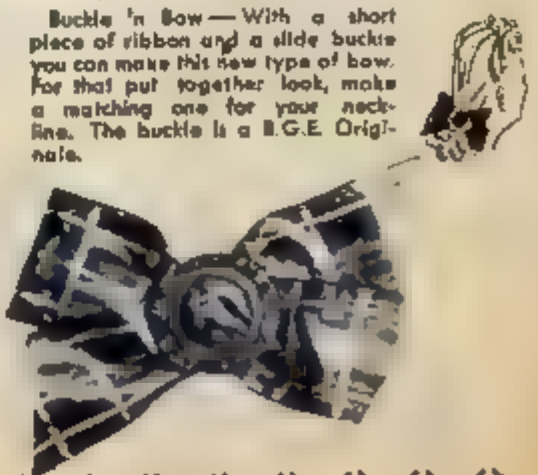
SHIRLEY POIRIER, our front cover girl, makes her basic date dress of Cohama Feather Flannel. Which of her trimming ideas do you prefer—the necklace effect or the corsage with rickrack? Her headband (see it in color on the front cover with matching clips) is a Redy-Cut make-it-yourself fashion, too. Center the felt flowers with pearl beads from an old necklace.

For your George Washington Hair-Do



Lady Fingers — A barrette that looks like a pair of hands. Color the finger tips to match your own nails. Ben Hur barrette, about 59c everywhere.

Buckle 'n Bow — With a short piece of ribbon and a slide buckle you can make this new type of bow. For that put together look, make a matching one for your neckline. The buckle is a B.G.E. Originale.



Tune in on a COAST-TO-COAST HOOK-UP!

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

NOW that teen departments show fashions from sunny California, along with our New York fashions, you can build your wardrobe on the transcontinental plan. Typical of California is the outfit at left, above, combining jersey dirndl, about $8 and felt bodice and braid-trimmed cotton blouse, about $3 each. Our spun-rayon jumper from New York, at right, is a Teentimer OH-riginal, about $6, without blouse. Teen sizes, 10 to 18.

Coast to Coast fashions at Saks-34th, New York, Gimbel's in Philadelphia and Milwaukee. For store in your city, send stamped, addressed envelope to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

GADGETERIA GEMS FOR Rainy-Day Glamour

Sun-Rain waterproofed kerchief of printed rayon. Keeps your spirits high and your head dry!

Rainy-Date hat, the latest high-school fad in headgear for girls and boys. Button shield around the crown in sunny weather.

Sun 'n' Shower waterproof fascinator with a ruffle to frame your face. Wear it as a scarf, too.

DIANE's in the dumps. Her heart-pang is giving her the go-by. He's all set to drag Another Woman to the football game.

As for Diane—not a flicker of interest any more on his part. She's looking smooth, too. But does that thaw his freeze-out? No and no. He has added it up that she's—well, short on zoom. A fade-out.

Seems the boy likes gals with some zip, some get-up. But then, most fellows do. They have a weakness for live numbers. So-o-o better check-up on yourself. Must be a reason why you don't have more zing. Must be a reason why you're a lonesome lily, these days. On the fringe of all the fun.

How about such things as sleep, fresh air, exercise? And how about your groceries? The food you eat—or don't! Remember what your Mom says. Hard to rise 'n shine when you're not eating right. Might be that's where you fall down.

Better pay attention to putting away three good meals every day—including a real honest-to-gosh breakfast! Just possibly you've

gone on the theory that a girl does not need any breakfast. Especially if she doesn't feel too hungry.

Now look. You don't have to stuff clean-up to the eyebrows at breakfast. No reason to be grim about it. But don't hold back. Let yourself go. It's a good idea to tuck away something more than a nibble and a swoosh before rushing off to school.

So at least do this: Fill up a big cheery bowl with those crackly toasted flakes, Wheaties. Top 'em with your pet fruit. Pour on plenty of milk or cream. Then try and hold back, in the face of all that Wheaties allure.

Ripsniptious! That's the word for Wheaties, you'll find. These whole wheat flakes are light and crisp and toasty. And boy-oh, that Wheaties flavor! It's plenty plenty. Rich, nut-sweet, zesty. A flavor that's apt to bring you back for more. A come-again, second helping flavor. You'll see.

And speaking of nourishment, the stuff that helps to make you vibrate. . . . You're really on the beam when you tie into that beautiful bowl of Wheaties . . . on account of Wheaties have vitamins, minerals, proteins, and such.

There's more, too, in Wheaties. Gobs of food-energy (stuff you need a lot of, if you're to zoom through the day.)

Real whole wheat is what you're downing. Good whole wheat, all dressed up in Sunday best. And set to go. No stalling around for you, waiting while Mother gets a cereal cooked and ready. Just help yourself from that bright orange and blue Wheaties package. Just shake out a nice hefty bowlful of Wheaties, and get going.

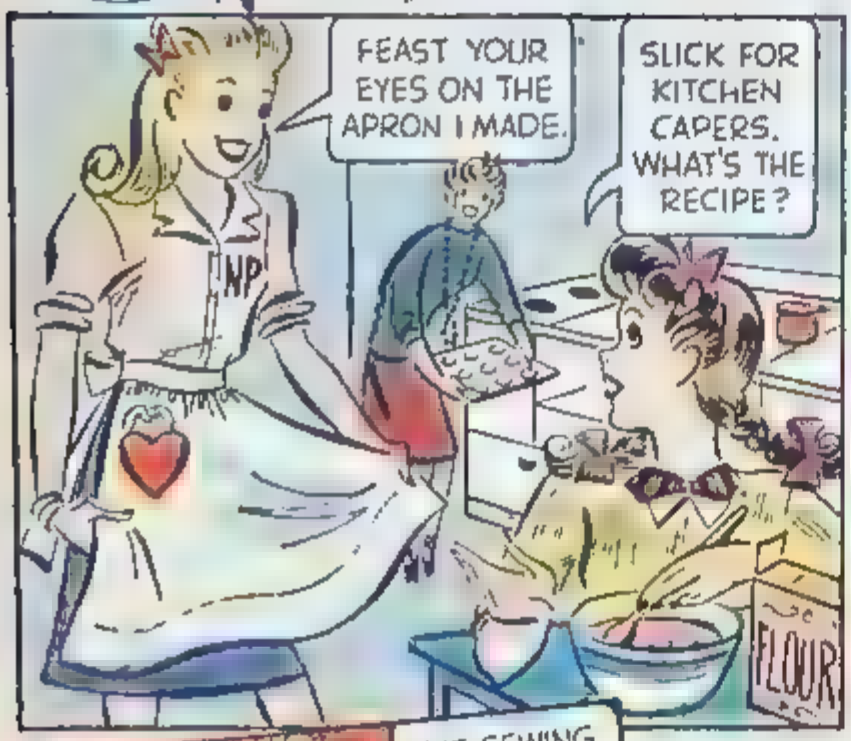
Worth a try, don't you think? Yes, give a thought to your daily schedule, including breakfast. Start to put away a real breakfast before you skip out for school. Begin tomorrow with Wheaties.

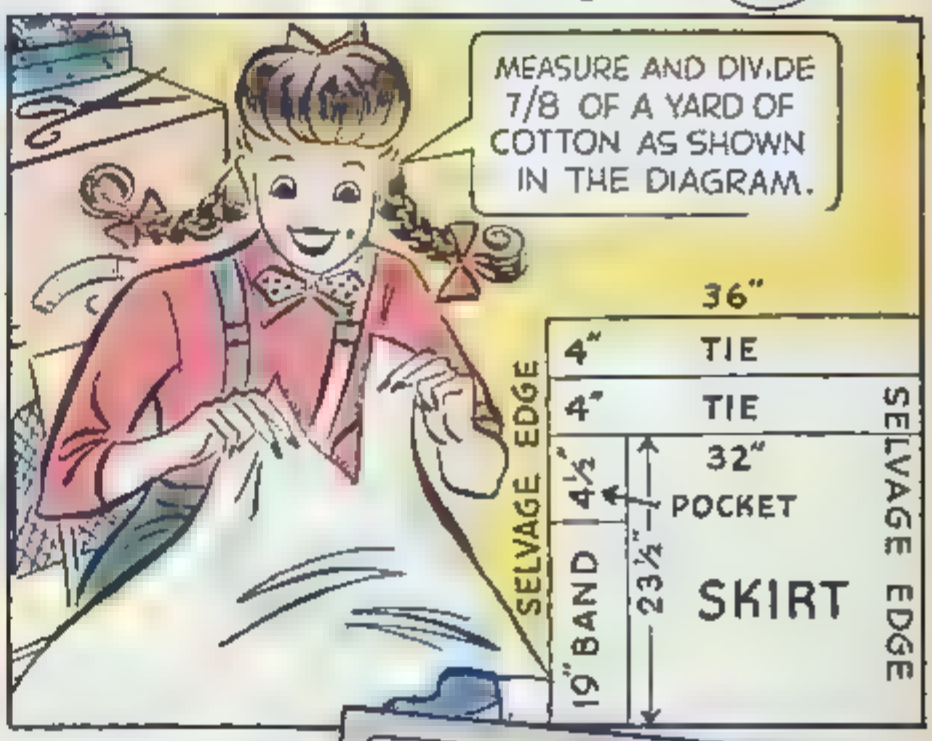
Hey, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 421, Minneapolis 15, Minn. And send *today!*

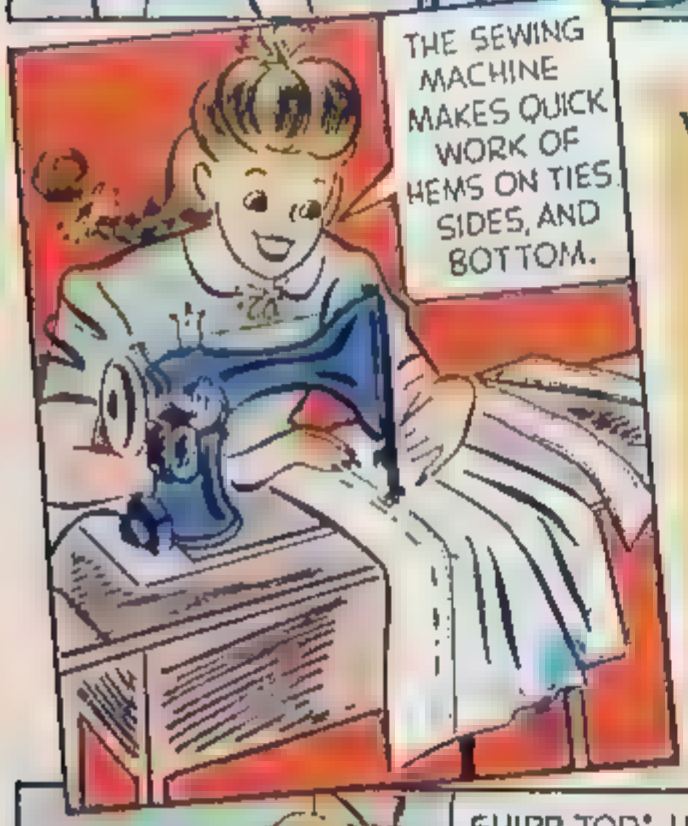
IT'S FUN TO SEW

CHAPTER II

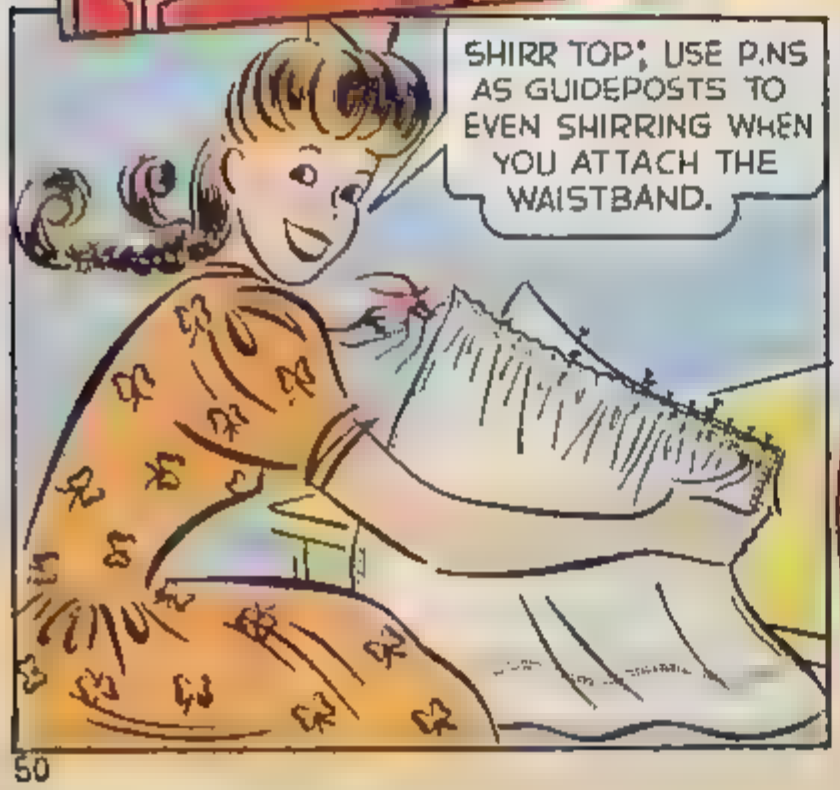
HOW TO MAKE AN APRON

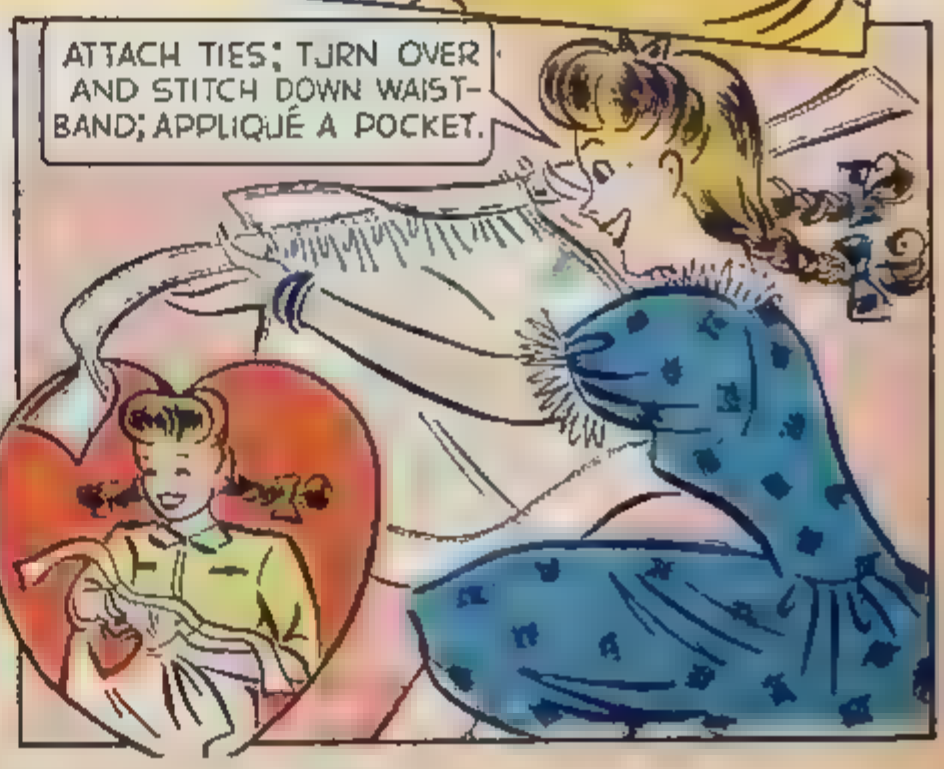






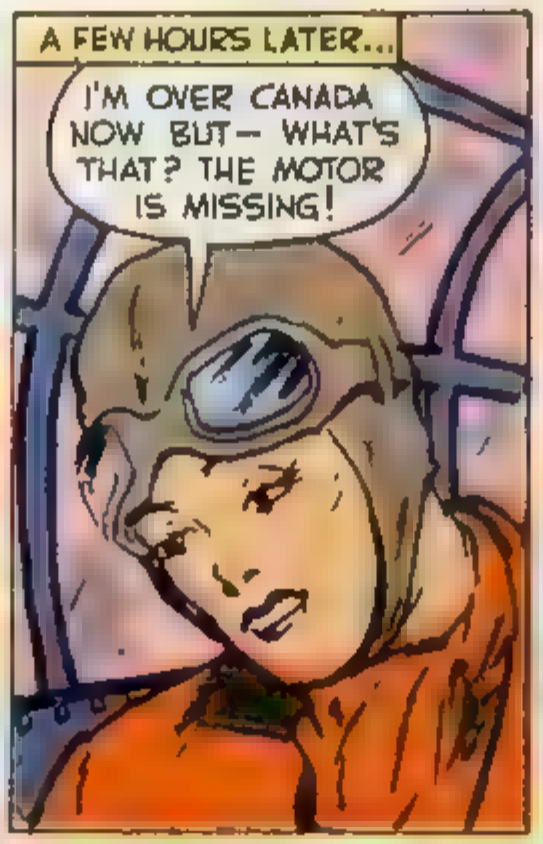
WE'RE certainly getting on! Last month we showed you how to make a fringed kerchief. This month we graduate to a full-fledged apron. Take it step by step, as shown in our pictures. For more detailed instructions that will give you all the fine points, including the proper use of a sewing machine, send for "It's Fun to Sew" Leaflet, Number 2. Address Fashion Dept., CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose 3c stamp to cover postage.

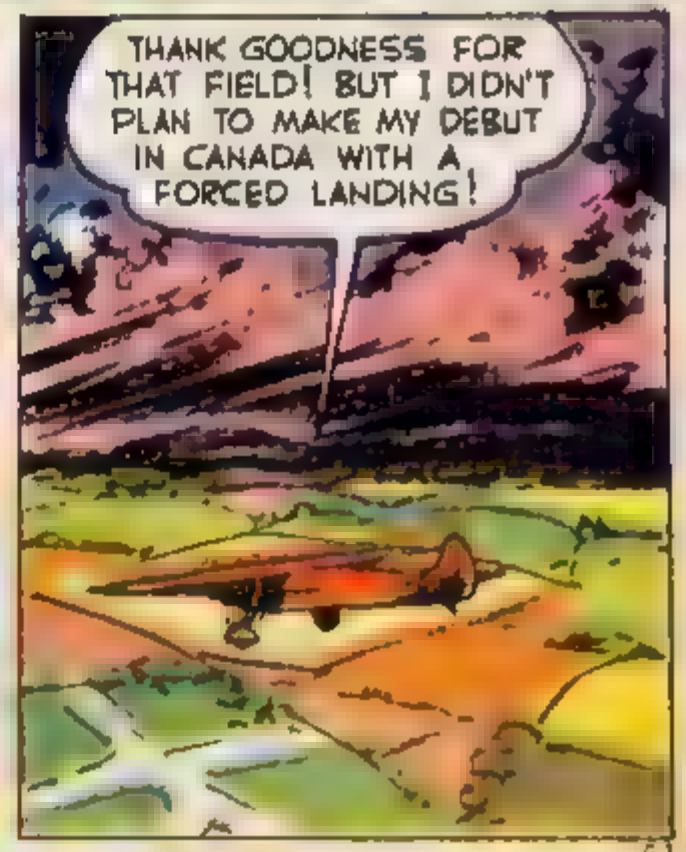


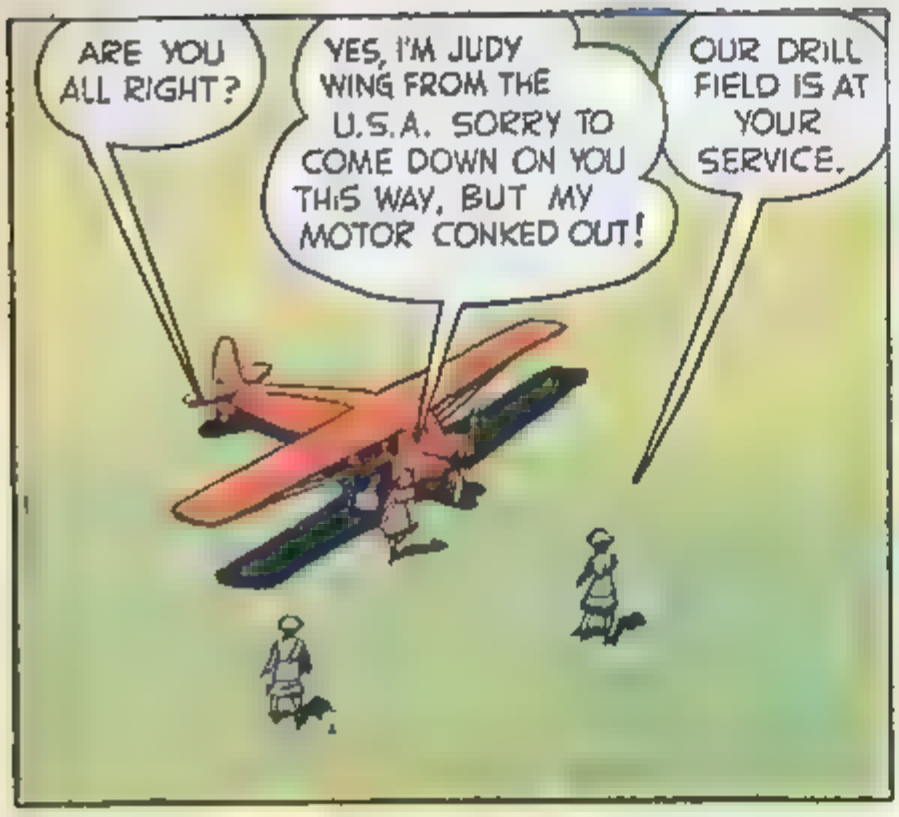


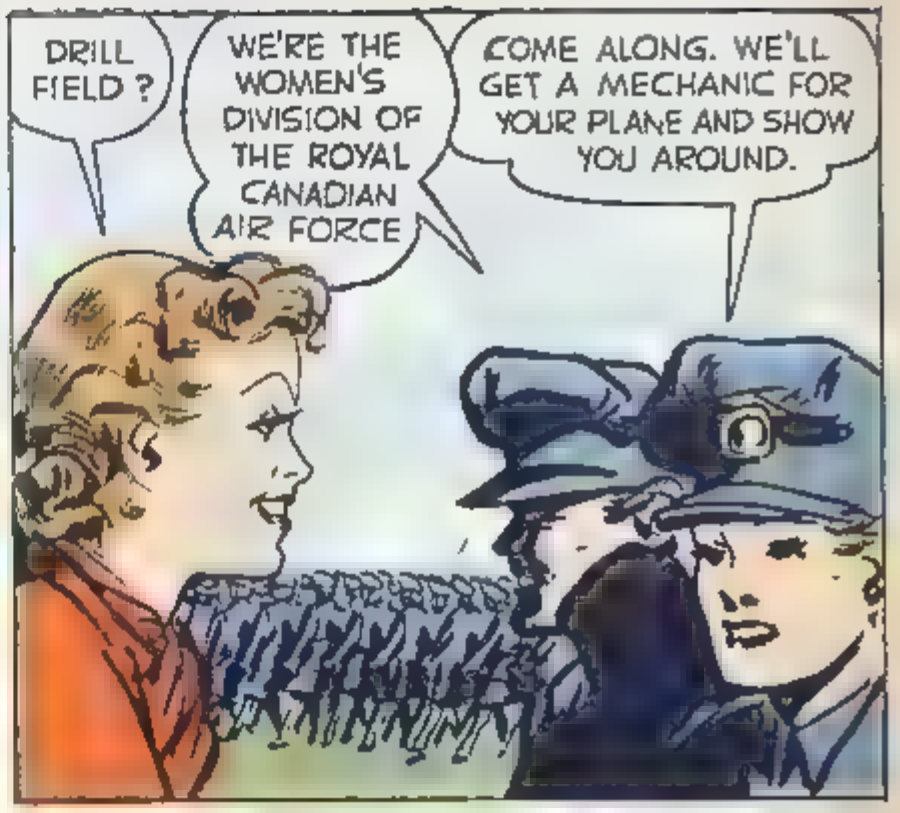
JUDY WING

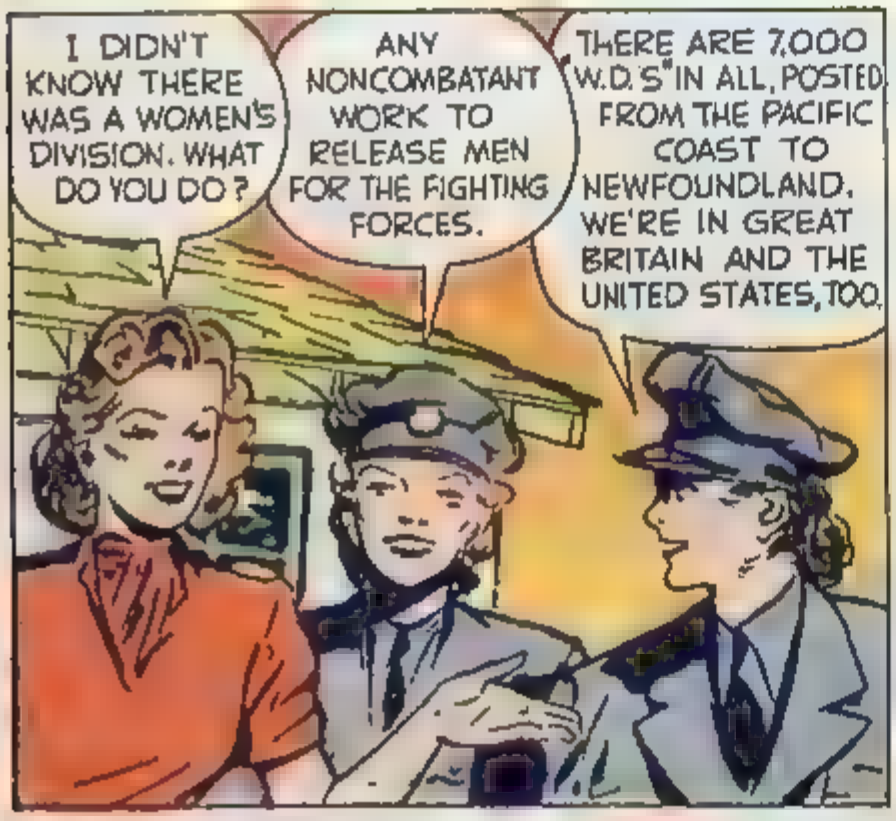
SHE MEETS THE OTHER HALF OF THE CONTINENT



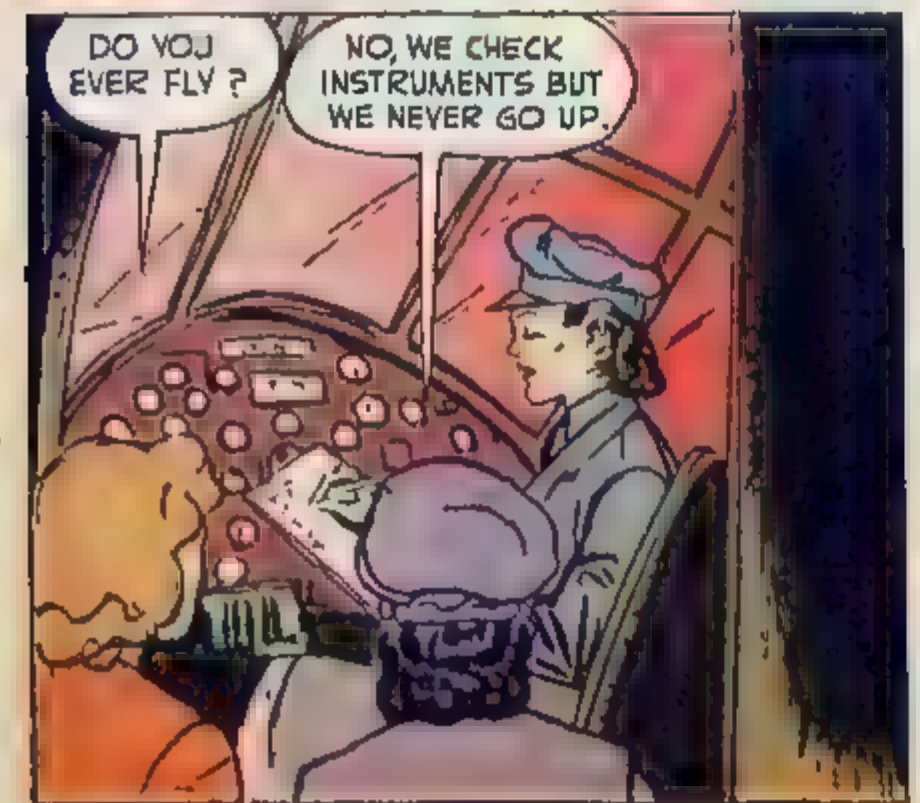


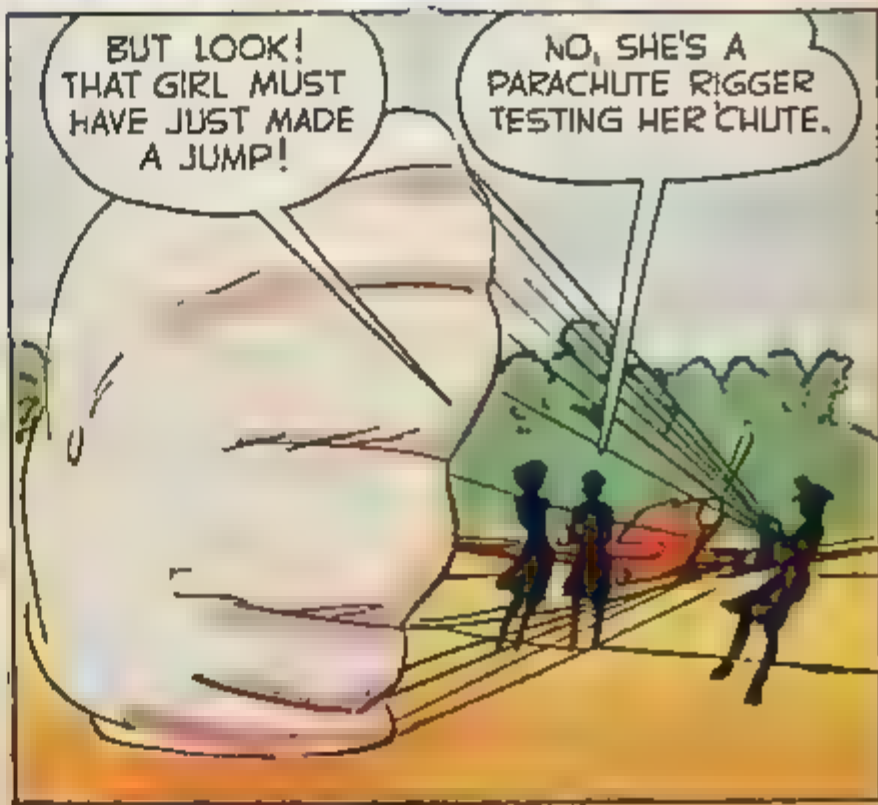

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, I'M JUDY WING FROM THE U.S.A. SORRY TO COME DOWN ON YOU THIS WAY, BUT MY MOTOR CONKED OUT!
OUR DRILL FIELD IS AT YOUR SERVICE.

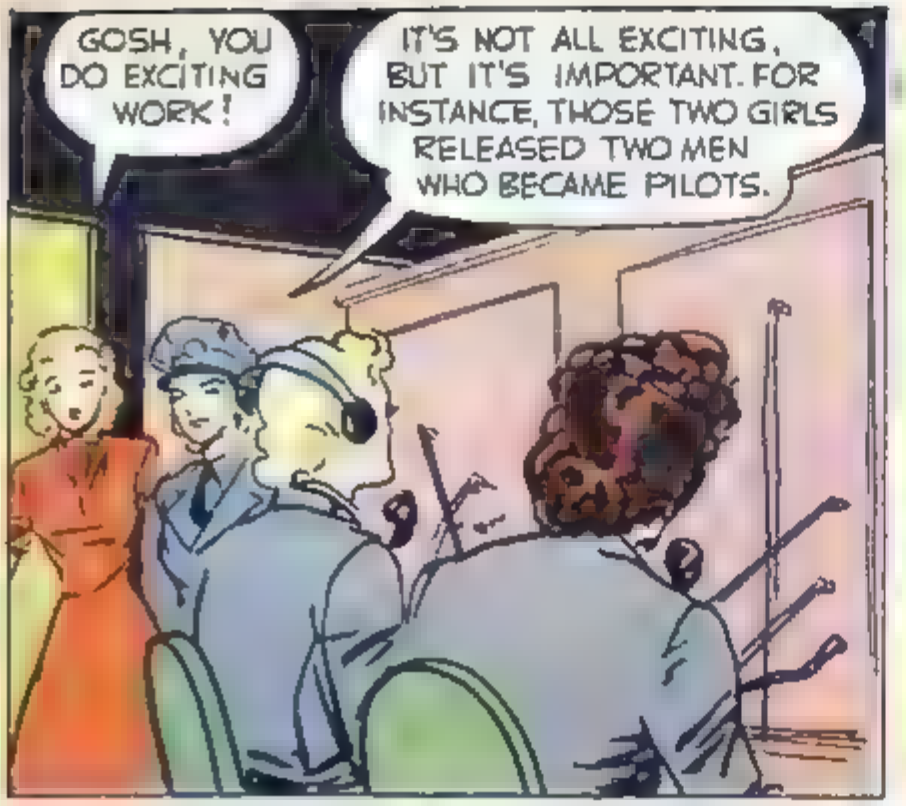

DRILL FIELD?
WE'RE THE WOMEN'S DIVISION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE
COME ALONG. WE'LL GET A MECHANIC FOR YOUR PLANE AND SHOW YOU AROUND.

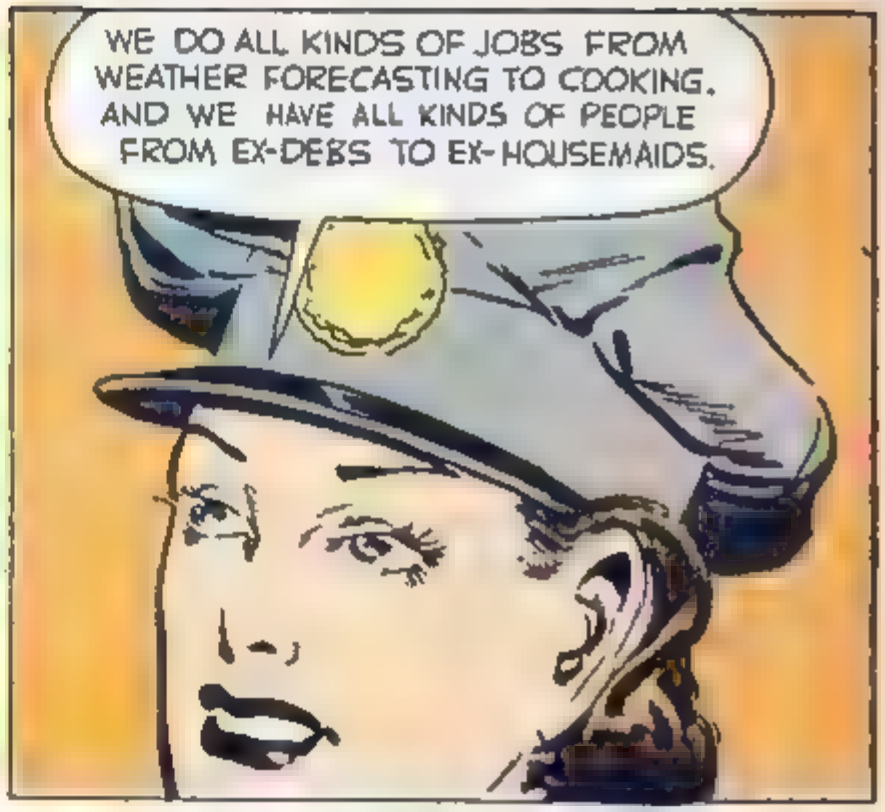

I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A WOMEN'S DIVISION. WHAT DO YOU DO?
ANY NONCOMBATANT WORK TO RELEASE MEN FOR THE FIGHTING FORCES.
THERE ARE 7,000 W.D.'S IN ALL, POSTED FROM THE PACIFIC COAST TO NEWFOUNDLAND. WE'RE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES, TOO.

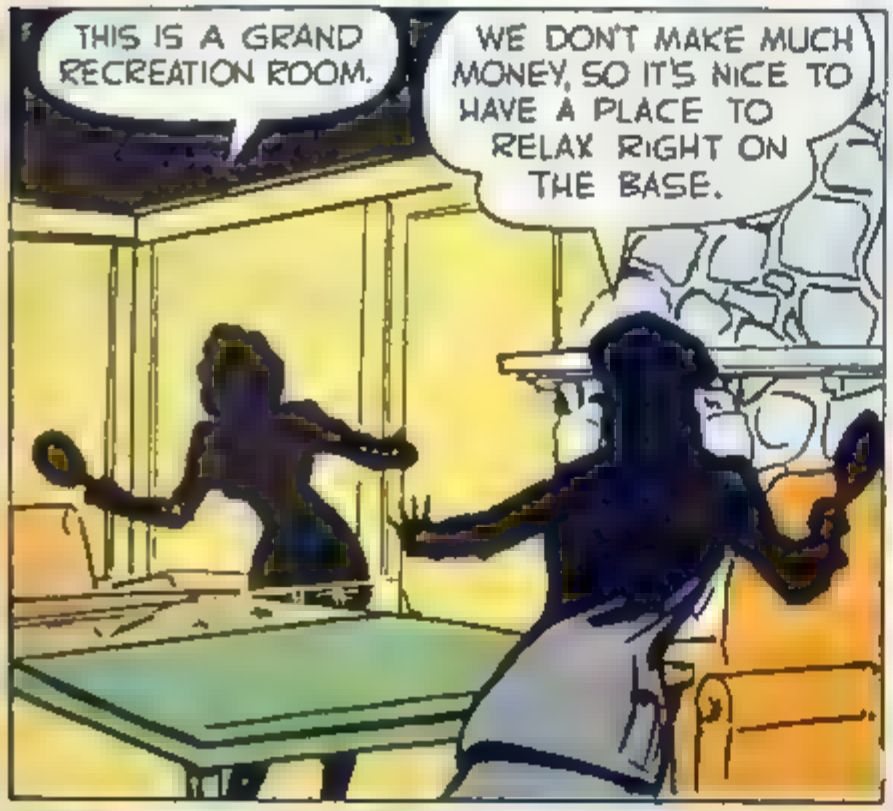
HERE'S WHERE WE LIVE, SIXTY-SEVEN TO A ROOM.
NEAT, BUT NOT PRIVATE!

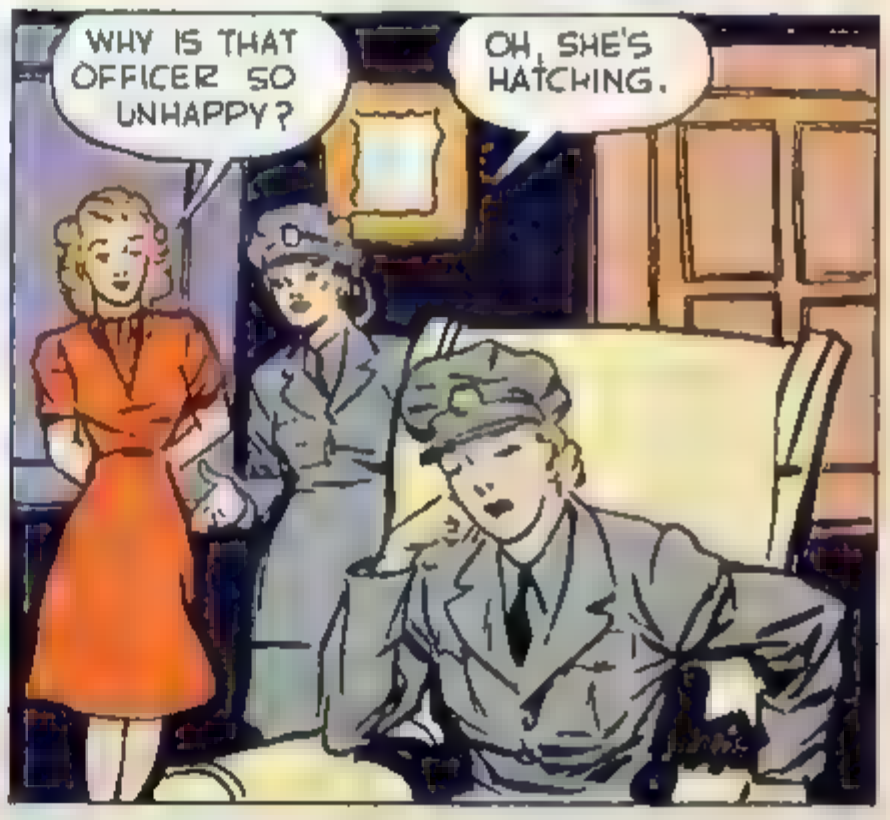

DO YOU EVER FLY?
NO, WE CHECK INSTRUMENTS BUT WE NEVER GO UP.


BUT LOOK! THAT GIRL MUST HAVE JUST MADE A JUMP!
NO, SHE'S A PARACHUTE RIGGER TESTING HER 'CHUTE.

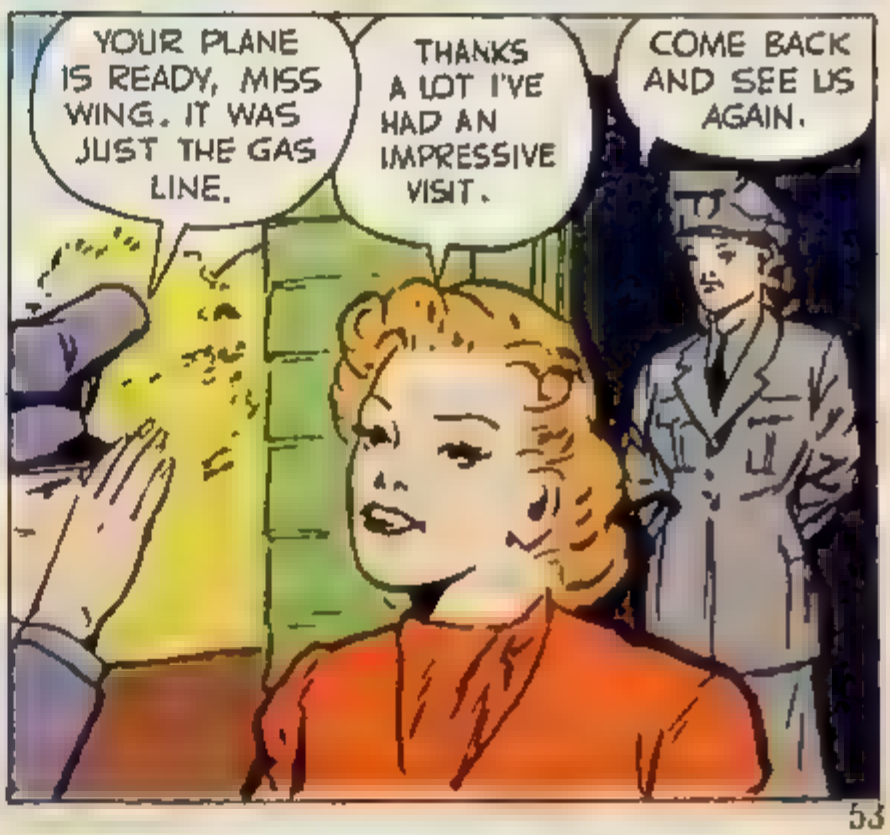

GOSH, YOU DO EXCITING WORK!
IT'S NOT ALL EXCITING, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT. FOR INSTANCE, THOSE TWO GIRLS RELEASED TWO MEN WHO BECAME PILOTS.


WE DO ALL KINDS OF JOBS FROM WEATHER FORECASTING TO COOKING. AND WE HAVE ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE FROM EX-DEBS TO EX-HOUSEMAIDS.


THIS IS A GRAND RECREATION ROOM.
WE DON'T MAKE MUCH MONEY, SO IT'S NICE TO HAVE A PLACE TO RELAX RIGHT ON THE BASE.


WHY IS THAT OFFICER SO UNHAPPY?
OH, SHE'S HATCHING.

WHAT!
DON'T BE ALARMED. THAT JUST MEANS SHE HAS A NEW BATCH OF RECRUITS ON HER HANDS.


YOUR PLANE IS READY, MISS WING. IT WAS JUST THE GAS LINE.
THANKS A LOT I'VE HAD AN IMPRESSIVE VISIT.
COME BACK AND SEE US AGAIN.

LOOK LIKE A MILLION ON NEXT TO NOTHING — WITH

Press-On

MENDING TAPE

DECORATE YOUR CLOTHES WITH

Let mother do her defense work—or housework! You do the clothes decorating and mending! It's so simple with Press-On Tape! All you need is some Press-On Tape and a Press-On idea book, which is yours for a small handling charge. Just press on with a hot iron—and presto—your mending or decorating job is complete. Washproof.

BE PATRIOTIC — AND SMART!

Start off now, girls! Send 10c today for sample piece of Press-On Tape and 64-page Press-On idea-book, "Fabric Decorating & Mending with a Flat Iron." It has 100 colorful applique designs all ready for tracing. Plenty of patriotic emblem designs you'll want to wear to honor your soldier, brother or friends. Good looking initials to spiff up your dickey, collar or pocket. Don't wait, send coupon below today!

MEND YOUR BOOKS!

Also included are 35 money-saving hints on mending such things as your school books, music sheets and loose-leaf paper. Remember—Press-On sticks to paper, leather or fabrics!

32 colors! 10c, 25c, 50c pkgs.

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SEND THIS COUPON and 10c to

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PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER.

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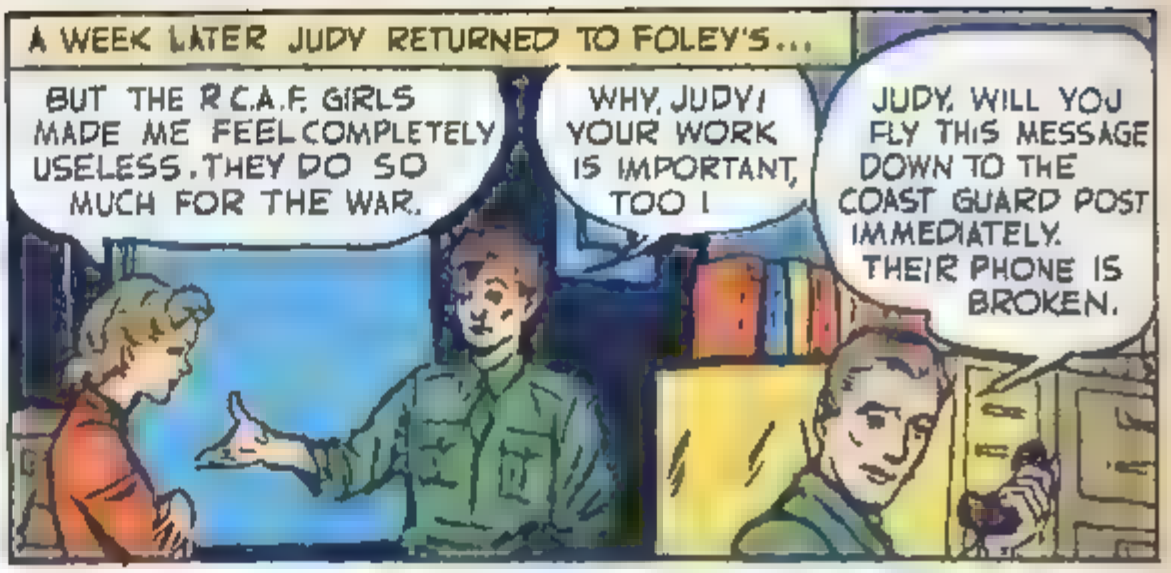

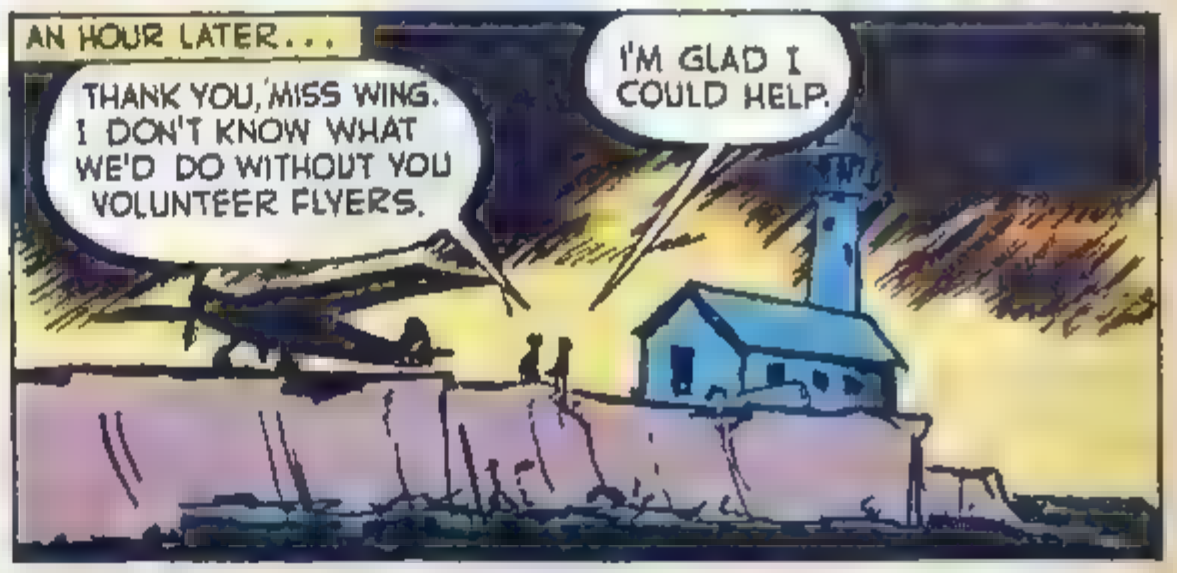

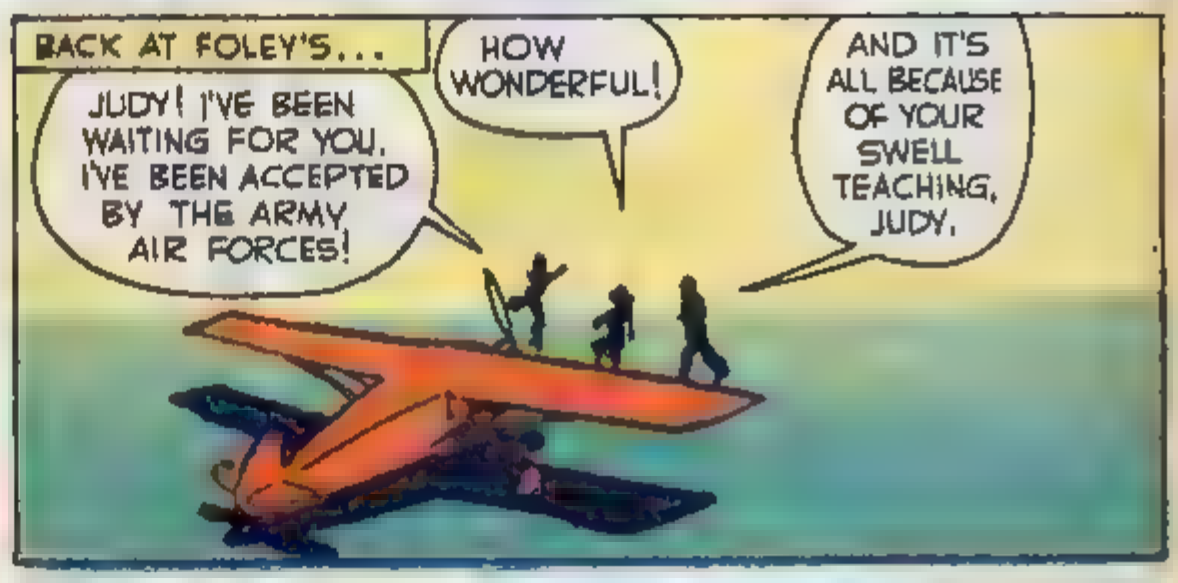

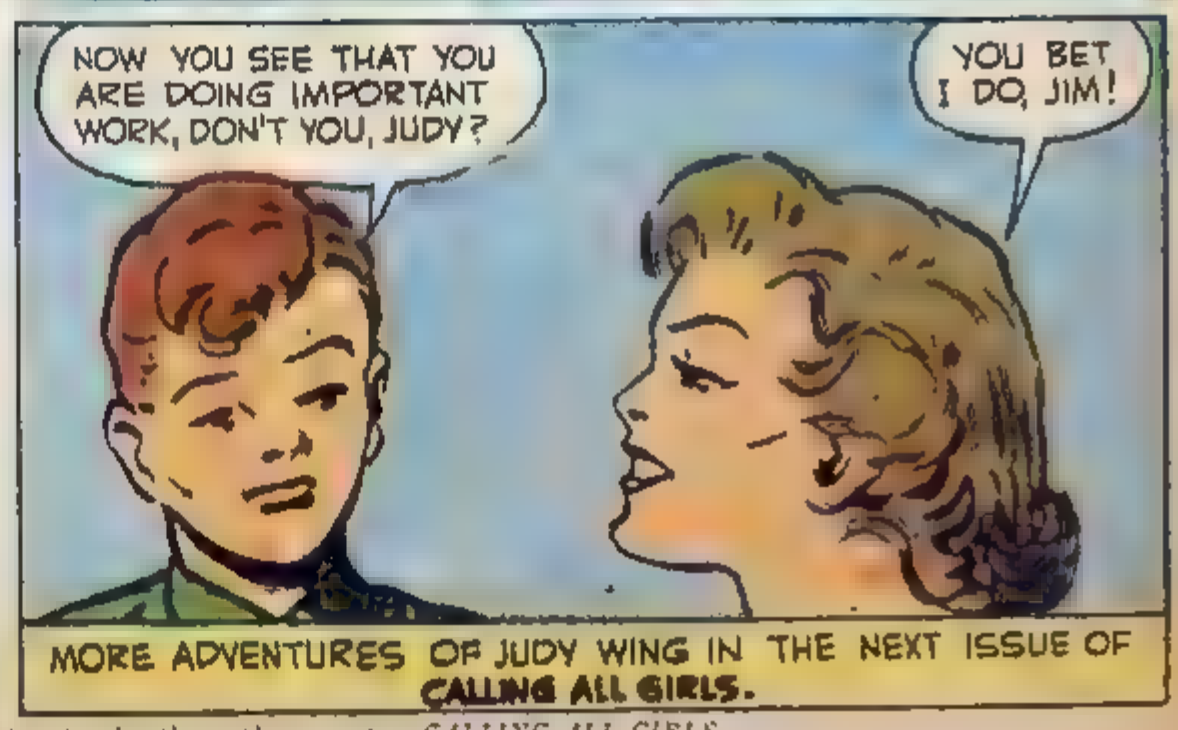

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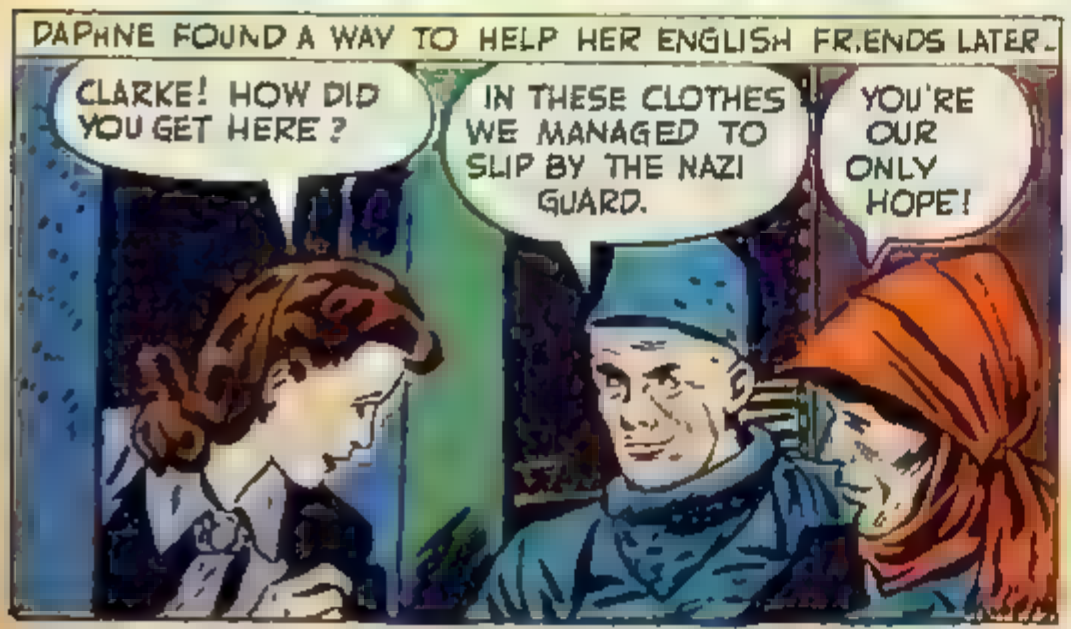


IF THE NAZIS CATCH US POSING AS REFUGEES, WE'LL BE SHOT AS SPIES.

THEY'D SHOOT DAPHNE, TOO, FOR HELPING US.

IT'S STILL A GOOD EIGHT-HOUR HIKE AND THE YACHT WON'T WAIT. I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING.

IF I ASK YOU AS A GREEK PATRIOT, WILL YOU LET TWO SOLDIERS RIDE WITH YOU?

TELL THEM TO JUMP IN THE BACK.

AND THEY REACHED THE PORT JUST IN TIME...

THERE'S A ROWBOAT WAITING AT THE END OF THE BEACH.

WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU, DAPHNE.

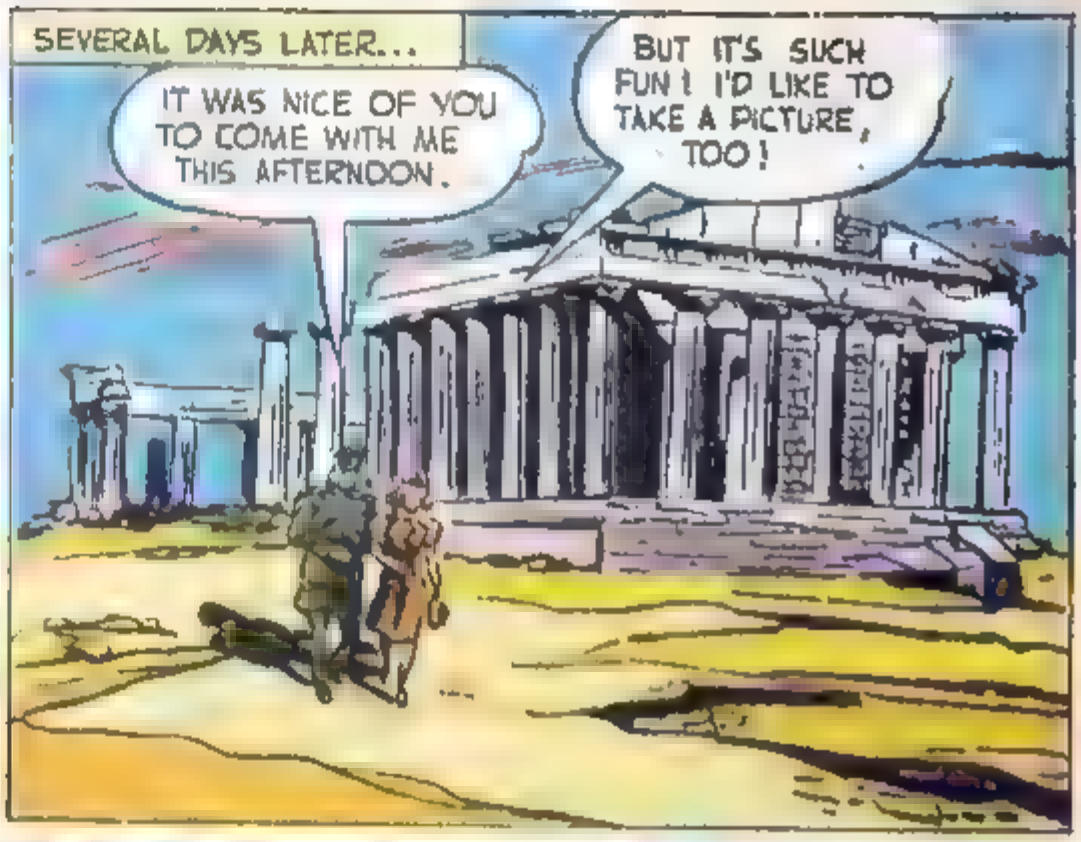
SOMEDAY SOON WE'LL BE BACK WITH AN ARMY!

THE NEXT DAY IN THE CAMERA SHOP WHERE DAPHNE WORKED...

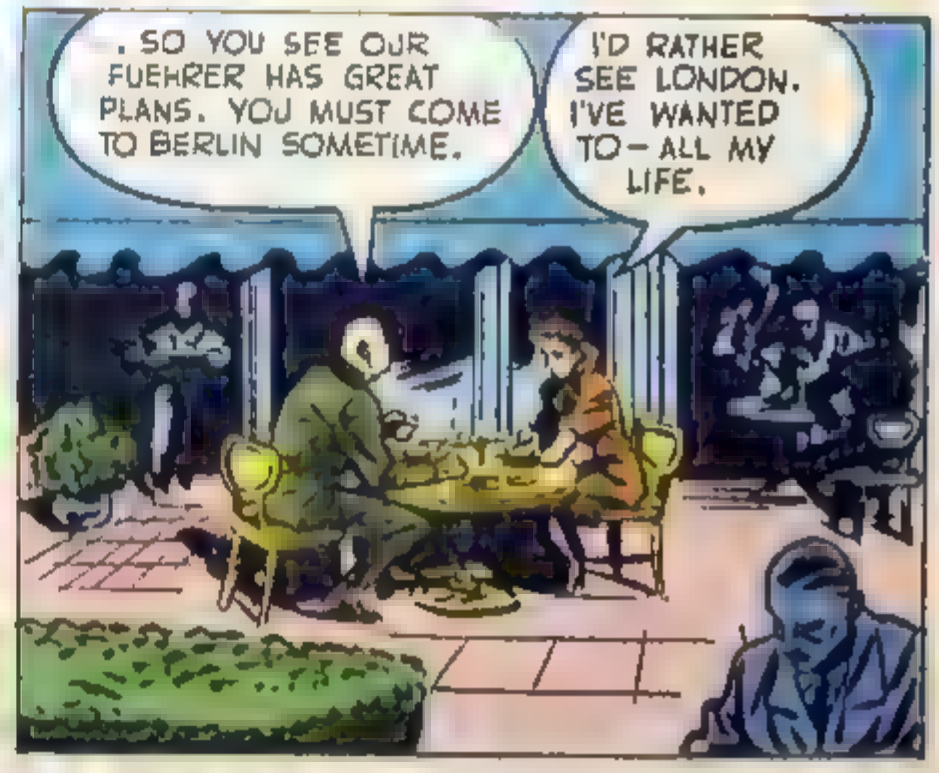
WE'LL HAVE THE SUEZ IN TWO WEEKS.

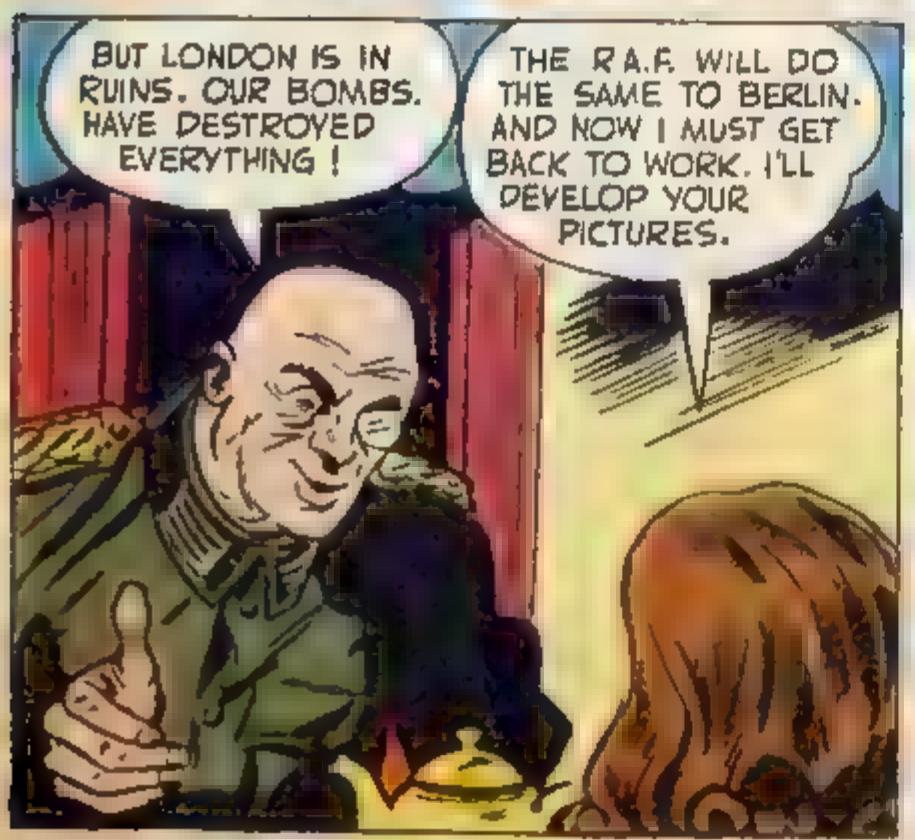
I EXPECT TO BE TRANSFERRED TO RUSSIA SOON.

INFORMATION LIKE THAT WOULD INTEREST CLARKE AND THE BRITISH. I WONDER..

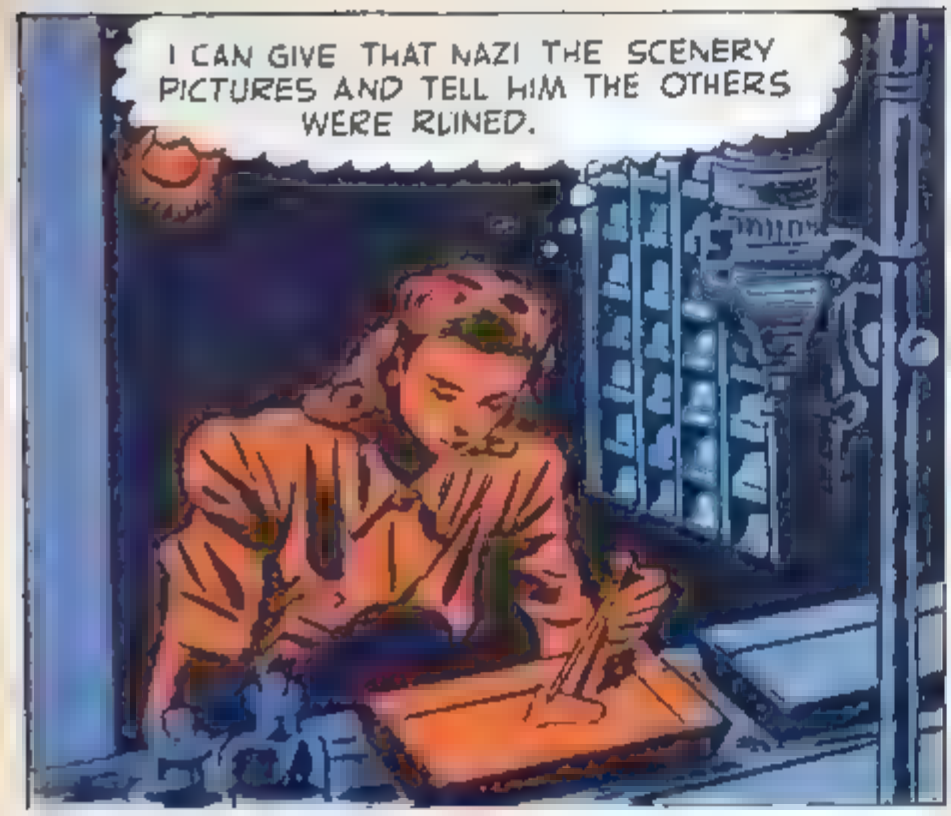

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME WITH ME THIS AFTERNOON.
BUT IT'S SUCH FUN! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A PICTURE, TOO!

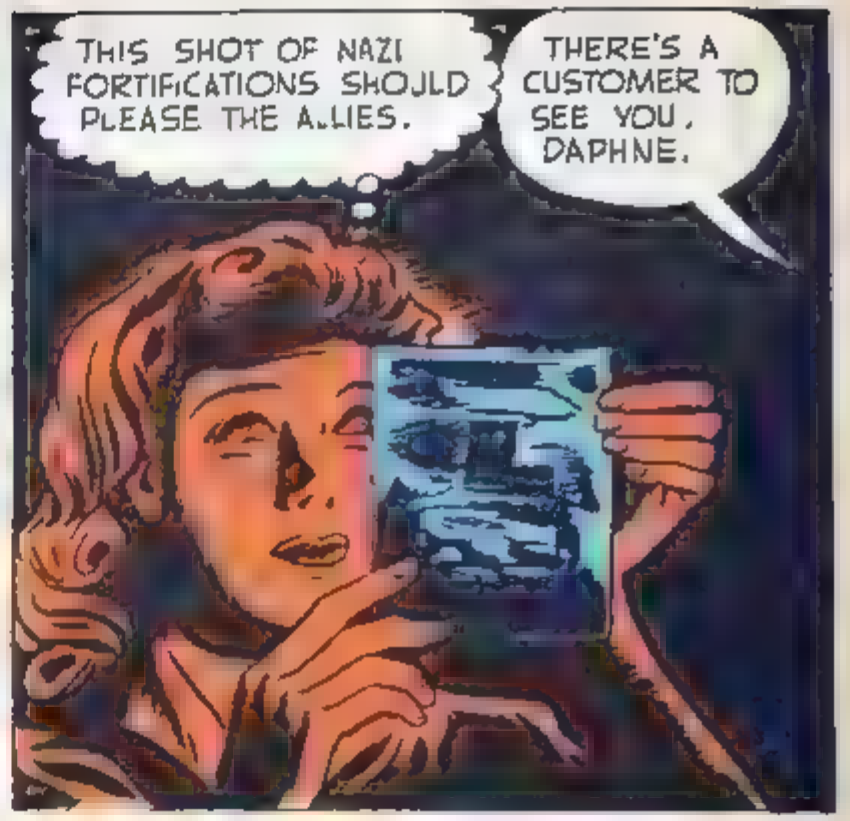
IF MORE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN WERE AS SENSIBLE AS YOU, YOU GREEKS WOULD SEE HOW FRIENDLY THE NAZIS CAN BE.

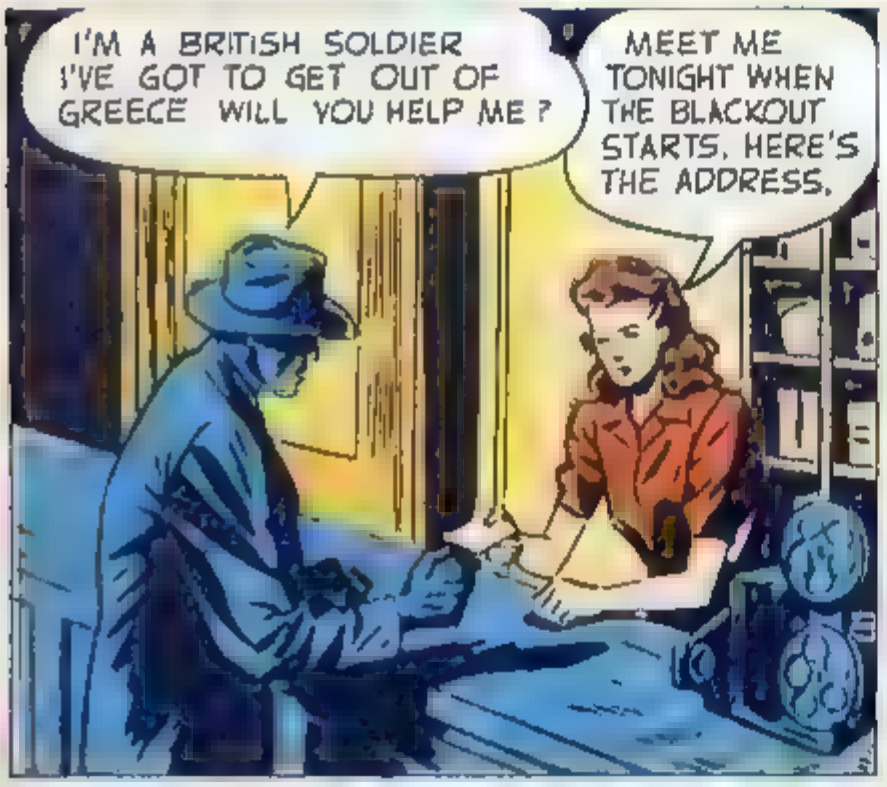

. SO YOU SEE OUR FUEHRER HAS GREAT PLANS. YOU MUST COME TO BERLIN SOMETIME.
I'D RATHER SEE LONDON. I'VE WANTED TO – ALL MY LIFE.

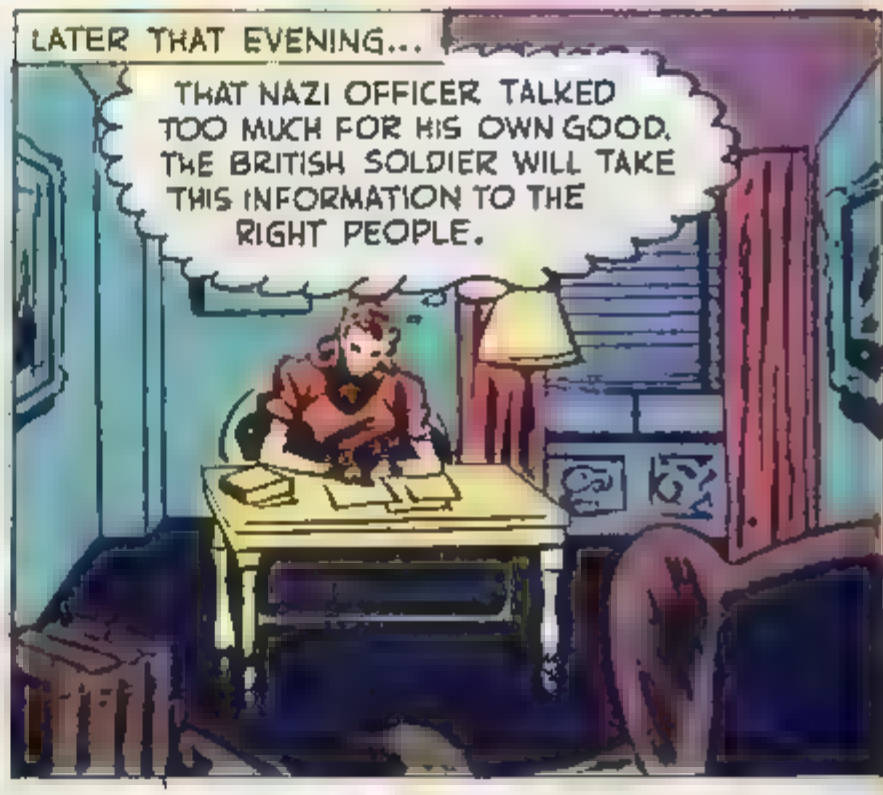

BUT LONDON IS IN RUINS. OUR BOMBS. HAVE DESTROYED EVERYTHING!
THE R.A.F. WILL DO THE SAME TO BERLIN. AND NOW I MUST GET BACK TO WORK. I'LL DEVELOP YOUR PICTURES.

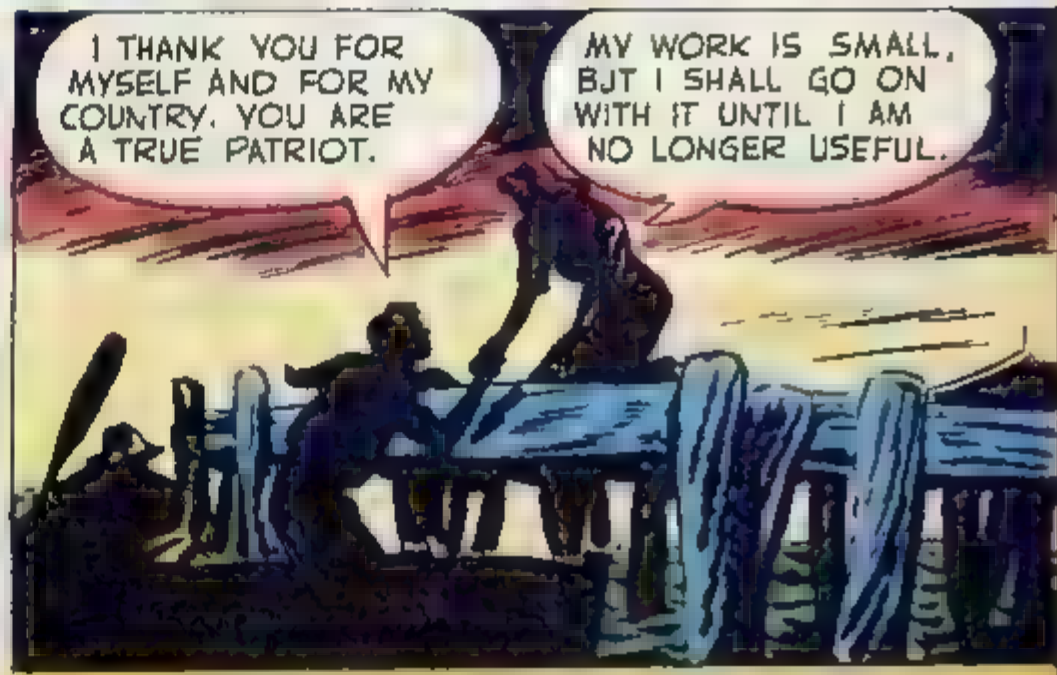
YOU SHOULD NOT BE SEEN WITH THAT MAN. YOUR OWN PEOPLE ARE CALLING YOU A TRAITOR.
BUT WHEN I ANNOY HIM WITH MY STATEMENTS ABOUT THE BRITISH HE TRIES TO PROVE I'M WRONG BY TELLING ME ABOUT NAZI PLANS.











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